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JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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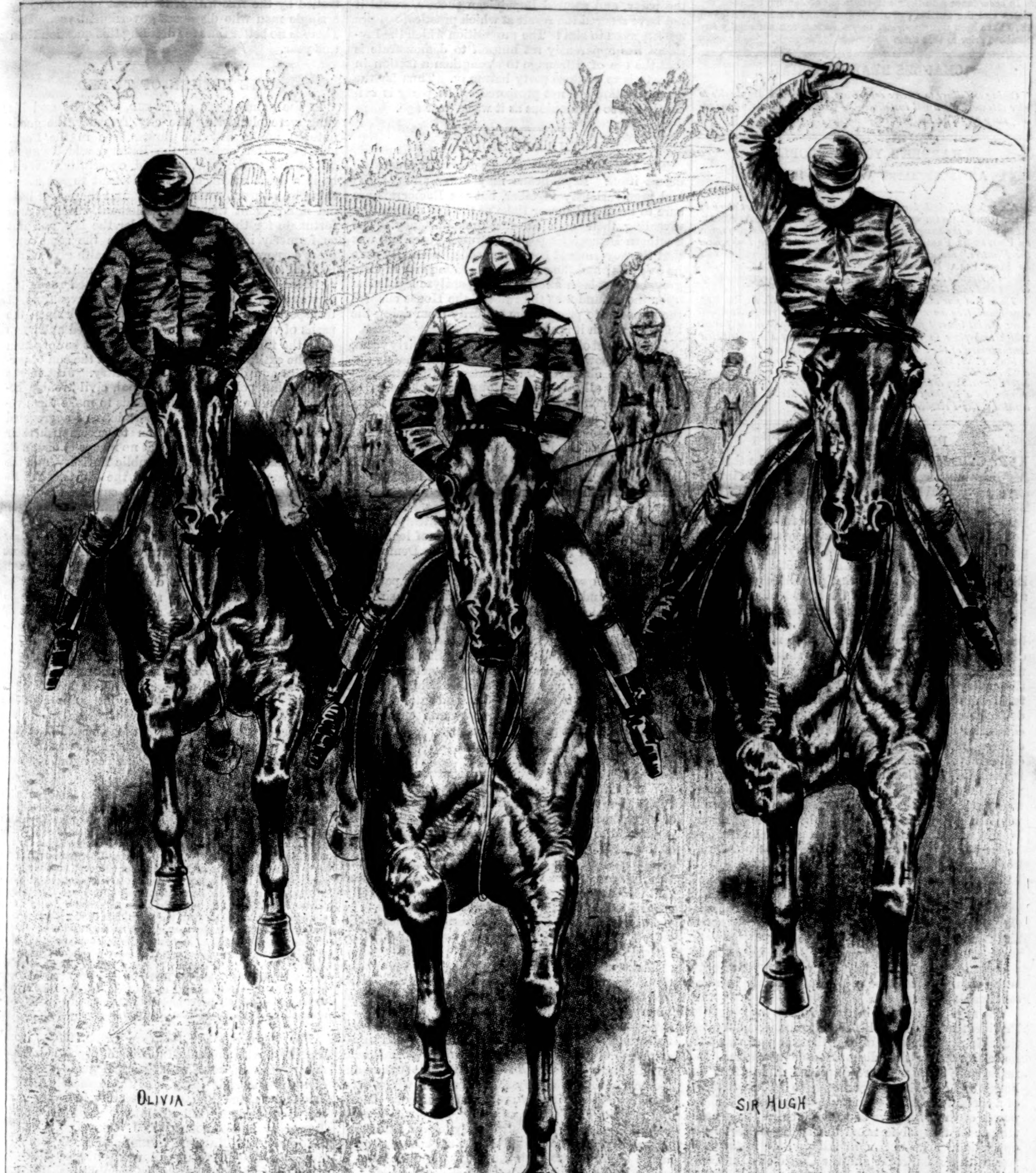

OLIVIA
SIR HUGH
Henry Stull
BLUE LODGE

OPENING OF THE RACING SEASON AT JEROME PARK—THE FINISH OF THE FIRST RACE.—DRAWN BY HENRY STULL.—[SEE PAGE 358.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, June 10, 1882.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

VOLUMES OF
HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, AND HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers beg leave to state that all orders for the back numbers of Harper's Weekly, Harper's Bazar, and Harper's Magazine, previous to January, 1878, should be sent in before July 1, 1882. After that date it is their intention to preserve back numbers of their periodicals for three years only.

Orders received before July 1, 1882, will be entered on their order books, and will be supplied as soon after July 1 as they can be printed.

In accordance with their advertisement of January 31, 1880, the plates and the numbers of the Weekly and Bazar previous to 1870 have been destroyed, and they therefore can not supply any numbers prior to that time.

CHARLES READE'S SERIAL.

Owing to failure to receive copy from England, we are unable to give this week the usual installment of Charles Reade's *fascinating story of "The Knightsbridge Mystery."*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 136, published June 6, contains an interesting short story by Mrs. John Lillie, *with an illustration by* Mr. E. A. Abbey. *This, with a thrilling sketch of frontier life a hundred years ago, by* Professor Fred Myron Colby, *entitled "How Dolly Beat the Hunters," the amusing story of "Robin Goodfellow," as told by* Mrs. Ella Rodman Church, *and Chapter X. of "Mr. Stubbs's Brother," makes up more than the usual complement of bright and entertaining fiction.*

There is a fine double-page illustration by Mr. W. A. Rogers, *accompanied by an article by* Mrs. M. E. Sangster, *which will have special interest for the little folk. The subject is the parade which took place in Brooklyn on the occasion of the Fifty-third Anniversary of the Sunday-school Union of that city.*

Mrs. T. W. Dewing *contributes a novel and artistic design for a "Kettle-Holder." A very humorous picture of a monkey brought before his fellows to be judged and sentenced for some crime is accompanied by a pleasant poem from the pen of* Mr. S. S. Conant, *entitled "The Prisoner at the Bar."*

PRACTICAL POLITICS.

PRACTICAL politics we understand to be that political management which, by uniting and inspiring a party, enables it to secure the objects for which it exists. Abstract politics, on the other hand, as the phrase is currently used, we suppose to be that devotion to principles which imperils party success at the polls. This devotion, of course, may be sometimes imperative upon honorable and patriotic men. But is it this devotion to some principle which must be assumed as the explanation of the President's course in regard to appointments? Is that course, after all, an illustration of abstract politics? The question may be fairly asked, because the results do not satisfy the definition of practical politics, if our statement of practical politics be correct. In New England the Executive policy of appointment has produced a strong protest from the Republican press, and the only earnest defender of the Administration is a journal whose conductor has been lately appointed to an important office. In New York, by the admission of the warmest friends of the Administration, the Republican press is generally hostile, and the party more bitterly divided than ever before, while here again the most strenuous advocate of the Administration is a journal whose conductor also holds an honorable position. In Pennsylvania the party is in open and alarming insurrection against the Senatorial representative of the Administration, and apparently the State will be lost to the Republicans at the election. Thus it would seem that Republican New England, New York, and Pennsylvania have been alienated by the Administration, while the reports to the *Times* from the Southern States show them to be as solid for the Democratic party as ever. The Administration, however, is reported to be intent upon practical politics. But if this is the result, abstract politics would plainly be more serviceable to the party.

The argument which is urged for the course of the President in exercising his constitutional and unquestionable right of nomination is that the persons whom he selects are neither dishonest nor incapable. But neither are those who are displaced, and to turn out honest and capable officers merely to put in adherents of a certain faction is such a use of the constitutional power of the Executive as to produce in the present temper of the public mind the strongest feeling of opposition. The action in Albany, for instance, in regard to the Surveyor and the Collector of Internal Revenue shows that the favor of Mr. **John F. Smyth** is a surer condition of appointment in the public service than honesty and efficiency proved by actual trial. Elsewhere the fact of approval of the third-term plot of two years ago outweighs the best record of duty well discharged. Now the objection to this course need not be misapprehended. It is not that it is illegal or dishonest, but that it is demoralizing to the public service. To teach an employé of the United States to be careful to please Mr. **John F. Smyth** rather than to do his duty properly is necessarily to cause the United States to suffer. If it be practical politics to do this, might not a little abstract politics serve as a corrective?

This, however, is the school of politics in which the President was educated. He honestly believes that it is the way to manage a party. But with the facts plainly before him, can he believe it to be the way to unite the party? Can he, or can anybody, doubt that the party would have been a thousandfold more united than it is now if he had announced that faithful and capable men holding places under the Government, whether they were "Stalwart" or "Half-breed," should be retained? Such a course might have been described in some circles as abstract politics, and the Rev. Dr. **Newman** would probably have stigmatized it as sickly sentimentalism. But still, as it would have harmonized the party, and assured Republican success, would it not have secured the result at which practical politics are supposed to aim? The proposition which the President has apparently set himself to demonstrate is that the use of patronage to strengthen a faction in a party is to produce party harmony. Thus far the demonstration has not prospered. The party is evidently not so harmonious as it was a year ago.

THE OLD MOLE.

The Democratic party can be generally trusted to defeat itself. Republicans may differ and "split" and rage furiously together, but the Democrats are sure to unite and succor them at the last moment by revealing their own absolute incompetency. The Southern Democratic position twenty years ago was that the government could not constitutionally save its own life; and the entire Democratic party in Congress has just been attempting to paralyze legislation upon the ground that the rules of the House enabled the minority to prevent the majority from doing the business which it is elected to do.

The conduct of the Democratic party for thirty years, whether in power or out of power, has alternately disgusted and dismayed the country. The strongest Republican ally is the profound apprehension of Democratic dominance—an apprehension most justly founded and perpetually renewed. Democratic platforms and declarations are always about four years behind those of the Republicans; but Democratic action is a constant warning. Both the pretense of the late dead-lock in the House and the plea for it would have been ludicrous if it were not for the startling possibility that lurks in such proceedings. If a Democratic minority shows such flagrant contempt of constitutional intention, and of the nature of legislative bodies and their rules, what might not a Democratic majority do?

This is the question always present in the patriotic American mind, but strengthened and emphasized by the late dead-lock, which will determine thousands of votes at the Congressional elections this year. The same consideration will lead the stanchest Republicans to rebuke by their votes at the State and local elections the despotism of bosses and machines, in order that the party may escape the threatening dangers that now beset it in some quarters, and enter upon the campaign of 1884 with the unity and enthusiasm which are the sure presage of victory.

PINCHBECK CÆSARISM.

We trust that Senator **Cameron** is misrepresented by the report—which, however, seems to be authentic, or we should not allude to it—that he has said that he is resolved to throw the Independent Republicans out of the party. Does he think that his dictatorship is as absolute as that? Is Mr. **Donald Cameron** the Republican party of Pennsylvania? Does he suppose that the thousands of Republicans who were honestly represented in the Philadelphia Convention are to be "shot as deserters" from Republican principles by his order? The remark, as reported, twangs like a Sultan's bowstring.

The Senator is further reported to have summoned a number of business men to his presence, and to have told them in effect that he should resent their refusal to support him by refusing to sustain the industrial interests of Pennsylvania in the Senate. But who is this amusing **Cæsar**? Is it not full time that an assumption of the kind indicated by such reports should be effectually disposed of? Is it tolerable that an autocracy within the party should exist of which even such inventions, if they are no more, may be plausibly made? Leadership, of course, there will always be, so long as men are controlled by mental and moral superiority. But a Sultan is not a leader. A politician buying votes with the wages of public place is not a leader. A slave overseer is not a leader. A political leader is a man who, having a common conviction with others, has also the ability to inspire enthusiasm, and to command their ardent and unbought allegiance. The system known as Cameronism may sometimes secure a majority, but it destroys leadership, and it is well if it have not destroyed the party that it professed to lead.

It was further stated that Mr. **Cameron** had decided to call together the late Harrisburg Convention. And it has been called accordingly. But that Convention, according to the declaration of its chairman, adjourned *sine die*. It is dissolved as finally as the Roman Senate. It can no more be lawfully re-assembled than the Continental Congress. Under the recognized and regular rules of party procedure, the Harrisburg Convention can no more be rightfully called together by the State Committee of Pennsylvania than the New York Convention of last year can be re-assembled by the State Committee of New York. The Convention will be the most "irregular" body of the kind possible. The talk about "regularity" has become laughable. There is no more important question to be decided by the election of this year than that now raised in Pennsylvania, whether Republicanism shall be merged in Cameronism; that is, whether the Republican party in every State shall be controlled by the free-will of its honest majority or by a single man who dispenses government patronage. There is no better time for deciding this question than this year.

THE RETURN OF TWEED.

In the palmy days of **Tweed**, when he and his gang were plundering the city Treasury, the good-natured public saw the flower beds in the Park, and the better order of the Battery, and **Tweed's** gift of coal to the poor, and said, cheerfully, "Well, he is a great rascal, but it is pleasant to get something in return for his thefts." But the flower beds did not prevent the final settlement, which it was fortunate for the city came under the law, and not as formerly in San Francisco. In the same way great corporations and aggregated wealth give us delightful comfort. The perfection of railroad management, the rapid transit of the elevated roads, the convenience of combinations of great resources of transport, incline the public mind to look upon the perils of vast corporate power as it looked at **Tweed** over the flower beds. But it must not be forgotten that the extirpation of slavery was not the end of perplexities and dangers in this country. Just in the degree that politics become venal, civil trouble becomes possible; and nothing tends to make them venal more than the vast corporations of aggregated wealth which need legislation to accomplish their purposes, and which scruple at no means to obtain it. **Tweed** had one hand in the public Treasury, and the other upon the Legislature and the courts. Yet he was, after all, a petty thief. But suppose that huge corporate combinations lay their hands upon Legislatures and courts?

The New York *Times* has pointed out that a law recently passed the Legislature of New York almost without general observation or protest in the press, which authorized a great corporation in the city of New York not, indeed, to steal outright, but not to pay its just liabilities, the amount of which must of course be made up from other sources. The city authorities steadily protested, but in vain; and the *Herald* justly asserts that public sentiment in the city is practically unanimous against the scheme of erecting the elevated railroad corporation into a favored class at the expense of the other tax-paying interests of the city. The first effort of this corporation was to secure a special exemption from the general law of taxation of corporations. But another plan was thought more feasible. The *Times* says of the managers that they

> "proceeded to apply their customary arguments at Albany, with the most satisfactory results. The State Senate, with the consent of the three Tammany and four Democratic members from this city, passed without discussion, and without waiting to receive the protest of the city authorities, the bill which substitutes for the tax of two and three-eighths to two and a half per cent. on the property of the elevated roads, a tax of four per cent. on their gross earnings. As the property of the roads was assessed at some $18,000,000, and might, on the testimony of its owners, have been assessed at $27,000,000, while the gross earnings of the roads do not exceed $6,000,000 a year, the magnitude of the job thus hurried through is readily apparent. That no room might be left for dispute on the question of how much the bill was to cost the city, the Mayor and Comptroller sent to Albany a statement showing that for 1880 the taxes on the elevated railroads' stock and structures were $640,461, while for 1881 they were $590,475. As four per cent. on their gross earnings could yield only $240,000 a year, the city was evidently being robbed by the aid of its faithful representatives at Albany of from $350,000 to $400,000 a year."

For this grab bill Senators **Boyd**, **Grady**, and **Treanor**, who are called "Anti-monopoly" or Tammany Senators, voted with their "Regular" associates of the Democratic party. In the Assembly, Messrs. **Roosevelt** and **Sprague**, foremost in every good work, opposed the bill resolutely. But "the seven Tammany men, **Bogan**, **J. J. Costello**, **Cullen**, **Haggerty**, **McManus**, **Maher**, and **E. C. Sheehy**, five Democrats, **Ahearn**, **Breen**, **Gideon**, **McClelland**, and **Murphy**, and two republicans, **Brodsky** and **Niglutsch**," voted for it. Mr. **Roosevelt** tried to secure a reconsideration of the vote, but in vain. "Forty votes," says the *Times*, "comprising those of nine Republicans, four Tammanyites, and twenty-seven Regular Democrats, were cast against reconsidering one of the most barefaced swindles on the people of New York which have been attempted since the days of **Tweed**." Meanwhile, alarmed by the loud expression of indignation in the city, the Senate, upon the motion of Senator Boyd, who said that he had misunderstood the matter, has voted to recall the bill from the Governor. "What hopes there may be of the Governor's veto of the bill we have no means of knowing, though its signature by him would certainly be the most disreputable stage of a thoroughly disgraceful business." Should Governor Cornell sign the bill, he will encounter the feeling arising in the mind of every honest voter in the State against so monstrous an injustice upon the tax-payers. Not one respectable argument has been adduced in support of this outrageous scheme, and a veto of which the Republican party would bear the responsibility would give that party a very much more valid claim to the title of Anti-monopoly than the Democratic party can establish by the harangues of Mr. Kelly against monopoly and the votes of his Senators for it.

ABUSE OF AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

The correspondence between Secretary Frelinghuysen and Mr. Lowell in London shows that the President takes a view of the conduct of Irishmen who use American naturalization merely to aid them in embroiling the United States with England, which is undoubtedly approved by the vast majority of honest, intelligent, and patriotic American citizens. It is the President and the State Department and the American Minister in England, and not the touters for the Irish vote, who represent the conviction and the purpose of the American people.

Mr. Frelinghuysen's description of the case of O'Mahony is an excellent account of the kind of person that makes the vociferous demand for the protection of American citizens abroad, accuses the Government of inaction, and taunts Mr. Lowell, one of the most distinguished, characteristic, and aggressive of Americans, as a recreant American representative. Mr. Frelinghuysen says:

> "It appears from documents on file in this department that O'Mahony in 1866 made application in Louisiana for naturalization under the soldiers' act (Revised Statutes, section 2, 166), and was refused; for what cause is not stated. He then returned to Ireland, where he remained. In October, 1875, he went into business as a keeper of a public-house and retailer of liquors at a place called Ballydehob. This business has been carried on in his name since 1875. In 1878 he came to the United States of America, and obtained naturalization there in February, 1880, without stopping his business in Ballydehob. He then returned to Ireland, where he was, and still is, a rate-payer, tax-payer, and voter, and offered himself as a candidate for Poor-law Guardian. He was elected, qualified, and entered upon the discharge of the duties of office, and was discharging them when arrested. His imprisonment under his present arrest dates from November last.
>
> "On this statement it can not be denied that O'Mahony is a citizen of the United States. The assurance which the ordinary processes of naturalization give to the United States that its citizenship is sought with a purpose of forming part of its population, and contributing to its wealth and its strength, are waived in this statute, and that great privilege is conferred for the sole consideration of a year's service in its military forces; and although that alleged service had been rendered fifteen years before the naturalization, and although the person seeking the naturalization had abandoned the country, and was in business in a foreign land, and holding office there, with every apparent purpose of remaining there permanently, the language of the act seemed to leave the Court no discretion to refuse the decree when it was once proved that the applicant had enlisted in the armies of the United States, that he had been honorably discharged therefrom, and that he had resided more than one year in the United States previous to his application. In this statement I make no account of the fact that O'Mahony informed the consul at Cork that his alleged service was in the navy. If his statement to the consul was correct, his alleged naturalization was fraudulent and in violation of law, under the settled rulings of this Government. This precise point has been decided by the District Court of the United States for the District of Oregon (*in re* Bailey's *v.* Sawyer's reports, 200). Assuming, however, that the naturalization was within the letter of the law, the President is of the opinion that it was only just within the letter, and that it was wholly outside the spirit and intent of the naturalization laws....The President feels it to be his duty to afford to such a citizen only the measure of protection demanded by the strictest construction of duty, namely, that he shall receive from the hands of the government under which he is holding office the measure of protection which it affords to its own citizens or subjects."

In this position, we repeat, the President is unquestionably and overwhelmingly sustained by the country. It is quite time that foreigners were made aware that while the United States, as the Secretary of State says, gladly welcome all honest and worthy comers who propose in good faith to become American citizens, and to cast in their lot with America and Americans, yet American citizenship is to be assumed for its own sake, and not as a means of imbittering international feeling, and of defying and annoying other friendly governments. This is the true American position. It is held by this Administration, and it is represented by Mr. Lowell; and his removal at this juncture would mean nothing else than intimidation of the Administration by a bravado which expresses the least truly American sentiment in the country.

STAND AND DELIVER!

A country Postmaster writes that he has been assessed by the Republican Congressional Committee at the rate of two per cent. upon his salary, on the ground that the labors of the committee will affect the Presidential election in 1884. The Postmaster is so pressed by payments for valid objects that he does not see how he can afford to pay this demand, and asks whether he can safely disregard it.

There are thousands of citizens similarly situated who are asking the same question. Congress itself has made it a penal offense for officers and employés of the government who are not nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate to give or to receive money from other similar employés. The principle, of course, applies equally to members of Congress demanding and receiving such money from postmasters. But the law does not yet forbid it, and practice has familiarized the country with the abuse.

The answer to be given in all such cases is plain. The present administration of the Post-office undoubtedly holds that postmasters and clerks ought to respond to such assessments, and refusal to pay the assessment undoubtedly involves risk of removal. Indeed, we understand that there has been an emphatic authoritative declaration that the Post-office shall be made a "Stalwart" department. Every officer, therefore, must judge of the risk for himself, and decide whether, to assert a sound principle, he will expose himself and his family to inconvenient consequences. To state this dilemma is to urge the most conclusive argument against a practice which strikes at the manhood of the minor officers of the government, and makes submission to an abominable extortion the condition of public service. A clerk may rightfully give all his salary to the treasury of his party if he chooses. But to extort two per cent. of it by a virtual threat of removal is a plain outrage. There is no doubt of the rapidly growing indignation with this abuse. But it is not yet forbidden by law except in the form to which we have alluded. Mr. Willis's bill for that purpose, however, is still in the hands of the committee of the House of Representatives, and the question will constantly recur until it is definitely settled. Meanwhile the gentlemen of the committee who authorize this levy, upon women in the service as well as men, ought to understand that they are held by a very large and intelligent body of their countrymen to be guilty of a disgraceful wrong.

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE."

The high character of the Boston *Journal*, the uniform fairness and independence of its views, and the extent and intelligence of the audience which it reaches, give double value to its critical opinions. It affords us great pleasure, therefore, to transfer to our columns the following discriminating and appreciative notice of Harper's Young People, which appeared in its issue of May 23:

> "When this weekly, intended specially for young readers, was first started, we were somewhat curious regarding the special field it would make for itself. It seemed as if the reading public, old and young, was supplied with literature adapted to the diversified wants of all, but we felt assured that the Messrs. Harper were too thoroughly acquainted with their business as publishers to launch a craft without a knowledge of the demand which existed for its support. Time has shown that Harper's Young People was wanted to fill a vacancy. It is already welcomed every Saturday to thousands of New England homes. Its tone is pure, its articles are always interesting, and its illustrations are superior to anything ever attempted in juvenile literature of its class. While it is intended for the perusal of Rob and Mabel, of Sam and Lucy, we venture to say that it has been the experience of others, as it has been our own, that the older heads of the family find in its pages each week matter not at all beneath their notice on the score of information and general interest."

A LETTER FROM EMERSON TO CARLYLE.

In Mr. Conway's very interesting article upon Emerson in England, printed elsewhere in this paper, is a long letter from Emerson to Carlyle, which has never before been published, and which is a characteristic and beautiful glimpse of his lofty patriotism.

THE SOILED ERMINE.

The Assembly of New York has decided that Judge Westbrook shall not be impeached. But none of the official reports acquit him of unwise and indiscreet conduct, which is necessarily unbecoming a judge, nor does the majority report deny the extraordinary and damaging facts, but contents itself with the opinion that they do not establish corruption. The argument of the minority report, however, that mal-conduct which may not be corruption justifies impeachment is unanswerable. No member tried to answer it.

The result of the investigation is fatal to the clear and unquestionable reputation which every judge should bear, and it is a public misfortune that upon so strong a case the Assembly did not authorize a trial by the highest tribunal in order that Judge Westbrook might be either completely and plainly exonerated, or removed from the bench upon which he now sits under a cloud.

A CITY OF THE FUTURE.

Mr. Fitch, a venerable citizen of Buffalo, has presented to that city an institution for the relief of the deserving poor, and the corner-stone was recently laid with interesting ceremonies. The venerable donor was present, and was overcome with the emotions of the occasion. After a few remarks, he called upon his friend Mr. Letchworth, the president of the State Board of Charities, who made a few wholly impromptu but very fitting remarks.

Mr. Letchworth was followed by the Hon. Sherman S. Rogers in an admirable and striking address, in which he sketched rapidly the astonishing growth of Buffalo from the time, not long after the war of 1812, when the young Fitch first came to the village on the lake-shore with a population of a little more than a thousand. He has seen that little hamlet rise into the great city of 170,000 people, but it is still "a city in its early youth."

With delicate skill Mr. Rogers turned from the visible prosperity of the city, and asked whether it was yet understood by Buffalo that something more than material prosperity is essential to a great city, and felicitously imagining the address of the historical orator at the Quarter Centennial of the Fitch Institute, he describes what Buffalo will then be if the Buffalo of to-day should show the inspiration of a lofty public spirit—a city full of noble institutions of charity, education, science, religion, and art; hospitals and libraries and observatories and schools and galleries worthy of a vast and flourishing American community. The orator's admonishing and stimulating picture may well be contemplated by every city in the land.

PERSONAL.

One of Boston's notable persons, the Rev. Phillips Brooks, is thus mentioned by Nora Perry in a letter from Boston to the Providence *Press*: "The other day," said a lady to me, "my brother was going down Bromfield Street, and on his way he saw before him Phillips Brooks looming up in his giant proportions, and following in his wake was a little man whose size was decidedly emphasized by the big parson's proximity. The little man was looking up admiringly at the big man, and suddenly noting my brother's expression of sympathy, probably, he stopped, and said, 'I am not a large man myself, but I can appreciate one when I see him.' 'Do you know who that is?' asked my brother. 'No,' was the answer. 'It is Phillips Brooks.' '*That* Phillips Brooks! What a magnificent Royal Guardsman he would make!' exclaimed the little man, proving himself by this exclamation to be what my brother had suspected before—an Englishman. And he *is* a Royal Guardsman," concluded my friend, eloquently, "of the King of Kings."

—The Queen, while at Mentone, visited Mrs. Henfrey, wife of the owner of the Chalet des Rosiers, who has long been an invalid. When the Queen entered, Mrs. H. attempted to rise. The Queen did not permit it, but took a seat by her side, and spent an hour in conversation. When she rose to leave, she bent over and kissed the pale sufferer's cheek.

—Speaking of Mr. Longfellow's personal appearance and manner, a writer in the Indianapolis *Journal* says: "His dress was scrupulously tasteful and becoming. His hair and beard, set off against a snowy collar and a coat of black, showed silvery bright, but were in quantity and texture much thinner and finer than his engravings represent. The features, too, were not so full and rugged as in his portraits, but were minutely lined by time, and of that peculiar pallor of complexion that comes only of extreme age. Yet he was wonderfully agile in his movements, and continually shifting positions—sometimes settling forward, his elbow resting on the table, the head propped restfully in his hand, then suddenly leaning backward, the entire figure assuming an air of enviable languor."

—The Rothschilds, fortunate with their vineyards as with most of their other enterprises, have just sold, after retaining an ample supply for their own use, last year's crop of Château Lafitte for $175,000, this being at the rate of $1600 for a hogshead containing forty-five gallons, or about seven dollars per bottle. They do sell us here in New York what purports to be Château Lafitte at from three to six dollars a bottle, and lips are smacked over it as the genuine thing. The vineyard of Château Lafitte is one of the very few in the Bordeaux country which have escaped the phylloxera.

—Mr. Lowell is a fountain of delight to all Londoners who attend public dinners, having always something to say, which he says in the aptest way, and which sets them in a little rave over him. At the late banquet of the Royal Academy he began his speech by saying: "The portrait which the president of the Academy, Sir Frederick Leighton, has drawn of me is so different from some of the spirited pen-and-ink sketches of me which I have been receiving lately from the other side of the Atlantic that I have a little doubt at first which I ought to resemble."

—Tourists will take notice that there has not been such a chance in years to see Pittsburgh and the scenery at the mouth of the Monongahela River as there is at present. But one iron mill in all the Pittsburgh region is at work, so that the air is actually clear—a much rarer phenomenon in that part of Pennsylvania than a total eclipse of the sun.

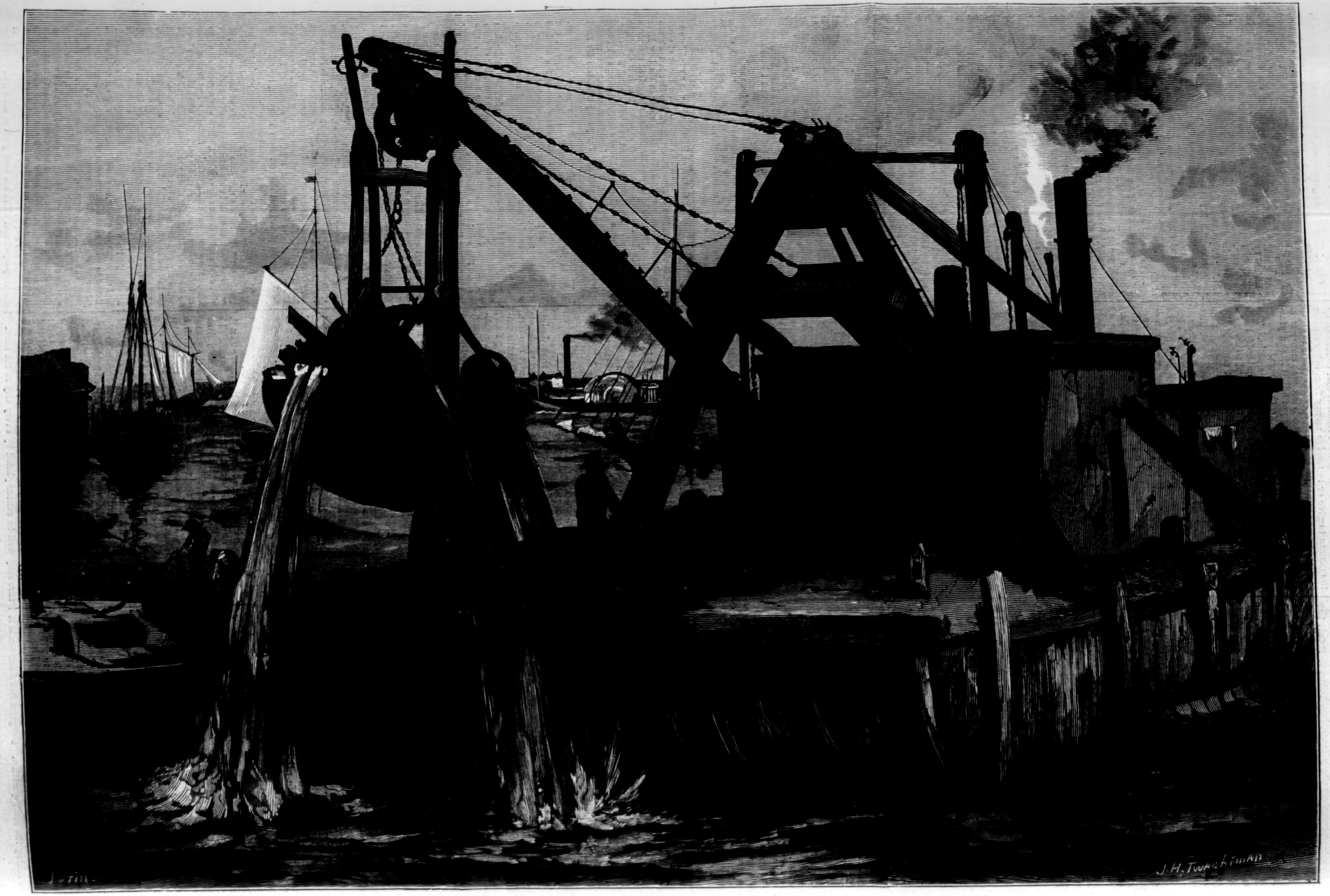
—The Hon. Charles Gathorne Hardy, who was a candidate to succeed the late Lord Frederick Cavendish in the House of Commons, is the grandson of John Hardy, M.P., who died in 1858, after having acquired in middle life a large share in the Low Moor Iron-Works, from which he and his family have derived enormous wealth, the Low Moor iron being so superior that it is always in steady demand. Mr. Hardy's eldest son was created a baronet. The third, after a distinguished career in Parliament, and filling the office of Home Secretary under Lord Beaconsfield, was created a peer as Viscount Cranbrook. The young candidate for Lord Cavendish's place is his youngest son.

—Charles Kingsley's memory has been appropriately remembered in North Devon, where Kingsley College was opened last month by Lord Portsmouth. It will accommodate two hundred students, and all the arrangements are most complete. A service was held in the chapel, and at the luncheon afterward Lord Portsmouth gave an eloquent address, eulogizing the character and writings of Charles Kingsley.

—Speaking of show people who are now before the public, it is said that the double-headed woman is the most charming of them all. She has had a liberal education, and has travelled extensively. She was born a slave on a plantation in North Carolina, but her owner took a fancy to her, and had her educated with his son. Some time ago she was enabled to buy the place, and now, when not on exhibition, lives on the plantation, where she cares for her father and other members of her family. She has many friends, and speaks French, Spanish, and German. She receives thirty or forty letters a day. Some of these show people have very large salaries. The two-headed woman gets $600 a week; Captain and Mrs. Bates, $500; giants, from $100 to $200; dwarfs, according to their intelligence, up to $200; fat boys, unless very fat and famous, rarely over $50.

—Mr. E. R. Cochran, County Clerk at Middletown, Delaware, and one of the largest peach cultivators in the county, says that if nothing should occur hereafter to injure or destroy the crop, the quantity of peaches will be the greatest ever produced in Delaware. So extensive has been the interest of the Messrs. Cochran that they have on more than one occasion picked and shipped to market upward of thirty car-loads of peaches in a single day, and of the remarkable peach crop of 1868, when upward of 5,000,000 baskets were picked and shipped from Delaware, fully 750,000 baskets were produced by the Cochran families.

—"Templeton," the well-informed Boston correspondent of the Hartford *Courant* (Senator Hawley's paper), writing of Mr. Emerson, says: "His friends now date the failure of his memory, of which so much was said in his later years, as far back as the period of the great Boston fire of 1872, which was a great shock to him. His decay was very gradual. Strangers first noticed it in an indisposition to converse on his part. He who had always been looked to to lead at such times was more and more inclined to be reticent. Of late years, when friends called, he would say, 'I will go in and hear them talk.' This deprivation was very pathetic, especially when it was seen how fully he realized it himself. He still enjoyed society, however, and at times in the earlier period took part in public meetings. His exquisite courtesy was always apparent. He was never impatient or disturbed by any event, and there was no symptom of repining in his manner. He continued to write until within two or three years of the end. The power to compose had become more difficult with age. At one time, when in his full vigor, he delivered a course of twelve weekly lectures in Boston, prepared each one, after the first, in the intervals that elapsed between them. He looked back with wonder on this mental achievement. There was more of growth in his style than in his thought. His latter work was much clearer to the ordinary comprehension, as well as more carefully finished. The amount he has left in unpublished manuscripts is very great. It will fully equal that which has been given to the world."

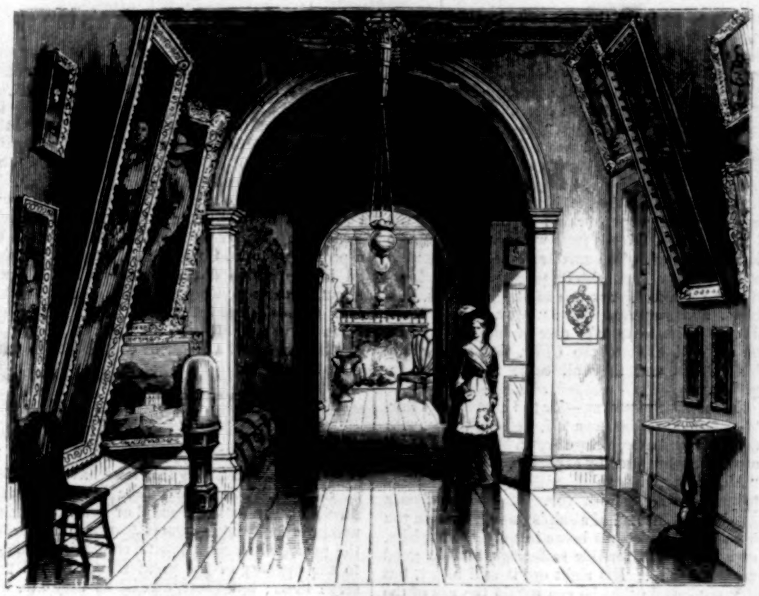

J. H. Twachtman

DREDGING IN NEW YORK HARBOR.—Drawn by J. W. Twachtman.—[See Page 364.]

THE JUMEL MANSION.

The partition sale of the Jumel estate, consisting of about twelve hundred ordinary city lots, will be the breaking up of about the only large compact piece of real estate on Manhattan Island. The Jumel mansion has a curious historical interest, mainly on account of the remarkable woman who was for half a century its mistress and owner. This remarkable woman is said to have been the child of an English mother, but born at sea on a French ship which was transporting troops from Brest to the West Indies. The mother died at the moment the child drew breath. The captain took such care as he could of his little waif. Bad weather drove his vessel into Newport, Rhode Island, where he gave the child to a Mrs. Thompson, who reared her with a mother's care. She grew up handsome, vivacious, and developed beyond her years. At about seventeen years of age, or, say, about 1791, she ran away from Newport with Colonel P. Croix, an English officer, and went with him to New York. Miss Capet—such was her name—was not long in finding entrance to the highest society. She was beautiful, witty, talented, well-informed, and knew the arts of pleasing to perfection. She soon came in contact with the leaders of the Revolution, and at the inauguration of Washington as President, April 30, 1789, she made a great impression by her beauty and her delightful conversation. She met Aaron Burr when he was only a captain, and was greatly impressed by him. She was intimate with the wife of Benedict Arnold. She first met Burr at Lady Sterling's, and accepted his invitation to go that evening to the theatre. There was a little flirtation; they parted, and did not meet again for nearly fifty years; but she never forgot him. Her pen-picture of this remarkable man, who at the age of seventy-eight became her husband, is worth reproducing:

"Captain Aaron Burr, in the heyday of his youth as he now was, appeared to me to be the perfection of manhood personified. He was beneath the common size of men, being only five feet and a half high, but his figure and form had been fashioned to the models of the graces. Petite as he comparatively was, he had a martial appearance, and displayed in all his movements those accomplishments which are only acquired in the army and embellished in the boudoirs of the graces. In a word, he was a combined model of Mars and Apollo. His eye was of the deepest black, and sparkled with an incomprehensible brilliancy when he smiled; but if enraged, its power was absolutely terrific. Into whatever female society he chanced, by the fortunes of war or the vicissitudes of private life, to be cast, he conquered all hearts without an effort, and until he became involved in the cares of state and the vexations incident to the political arena, I do not believe a female capable of the gentle emotions of love ever looked upon him without loving him. Wherever he went he was petted and caressed by our sex, and hundreds vied with each other in a continuous struggle to offer him some testimonial of their adulation. And yet, with all this popularity in the polite circles, he never took advantage of his position. I do not believe that any female ever had cause to complain of his seductive wiles, perfidy, or injustice."



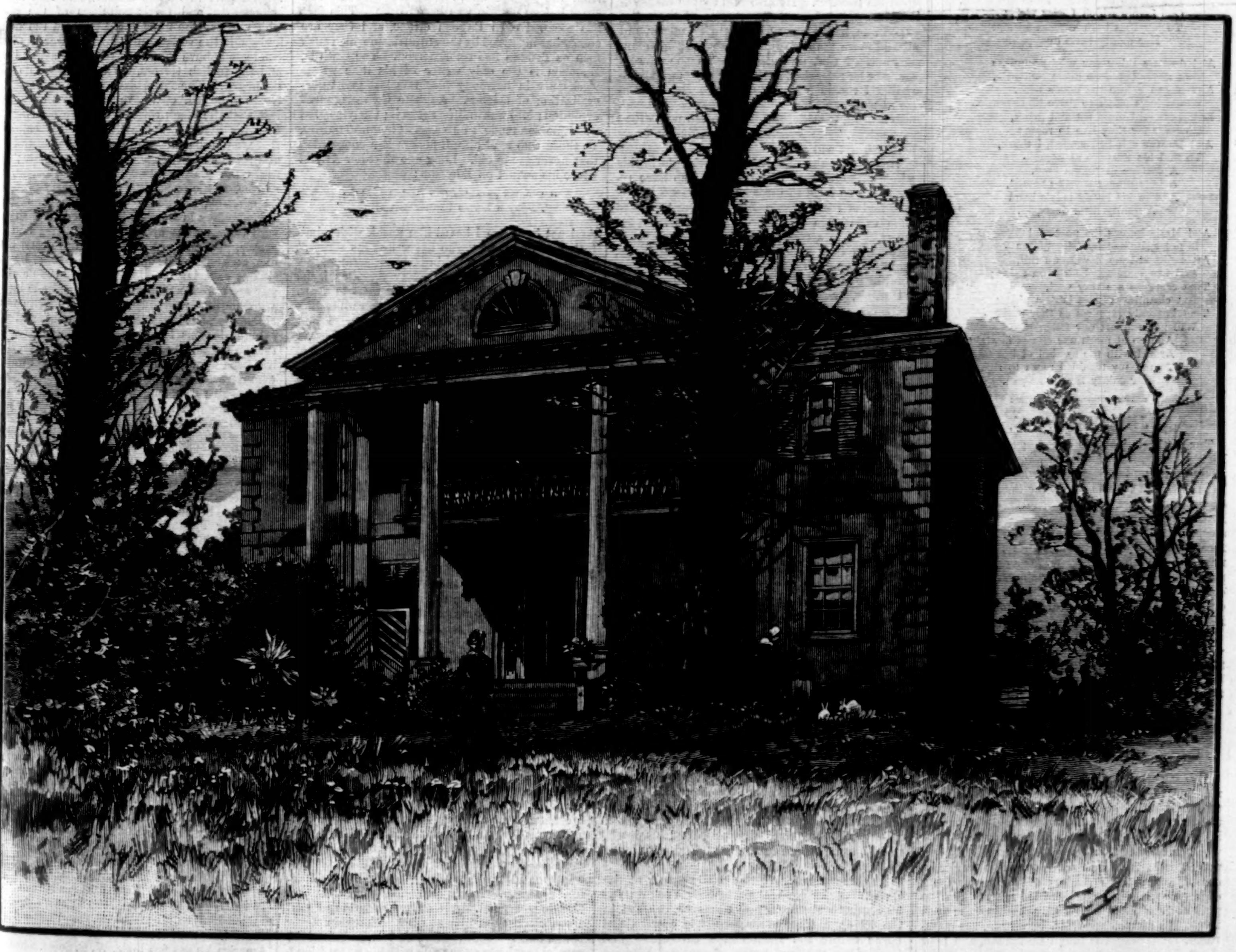
HALL IN THE JUMEL MANSION.

In the course of her gay career Miss Capet became well acquainted with Washington, Jefferson was her warm friend and frequent visitor, Ben Franklin called her his Fairy Queen, and Knox and Lafayette were at her feet. And yet, amidst all this triumph, she accepted the attentions of and married a Frenchman of no position by the name of Stephen Jumel, a young but thriving wine-merchant. Of course the world was surprised. Jumel himself, by-the-way, had a history. When a young man he went to San Domingo to seek his fortune, went into mercantile business, and was doing well, when the great massacre took place (June 21, 1793). He escaped death, and for weeks roamed along the coast, attended by one faithful negro, looking for means of escape. At last his signals were noticed by a passing vessel, a boat came ashore, and he left the island. Perforce he went to St. Helena, where the great Napoleon was afterward to come. He worked at whatever he could find to do, and finally got passage to New York. He landed penniless; but when in business in San Domingo he had sent coffee to New York for sale, and now he found the proceeds right welcome. In a few years he established a wine store, and appears in the directory of 1796 as "merchant."

Madame Jumel was a good business woman, and the two soon accumulated a handsome fortune. After the fall of Napoleon they went to Paris, bought a grand establishment, and she, under the patronage of Lafayette, became an immense favorite at court and in all high society. After a few years Jumel's means became inadequate, and the wife tried to encourage him to renew business. He would not, and she sold out the Paris establishment, returned to New York, and by her own energy—chiefly in real estate transactions—built up the falling fortune. Husband and wife lived quietly in the mansion near High Bridge until 1832, when he—a tall, handsome man—was thrown from a carriage, and died a few days afterward.

Madame Jumel was afraid of cholera, then about to reach New York, and proposed a country trip. Before going, she needed to have a lawyer's advice about certain real estate matters. She drove to Burr's office, in Nassau Street, and though well-nigh fifty years had gone by since they met, he knew her, and was as gallant as ever. She went to Saratoga, and ten minutes after her arrival bought a house and its contents. Months passed before she met Burr again; but a young friend persuaded her to ask the lawyer to dinner. She did, and as Burr handed her to a seat at the table, he remarked, "Madam, I give you my hand; my heart has long been yours." Burr became a frequent visitor, proposed, was refused, tried again, and got a plump, "No," whereupon he cheerfully remarked, "I shall come on a future day, and bring a clergyman, and then I shall again ask your hand." He did so, bringing Rev. Dr. Bogert, who officiated at her first marriage, fifty years before. Madame flatly refused; he urged; again she refused; but finally she reluctantly consented, and they were married—Burr seventy-eight years and she fifty-eight years old. On that occasion wines were drawn that had not been touched for fifty years. They visited Burr's nephew, Governor Edwards, of Connecticut, and all went well for a few weeks. Burr had received some thousands of dollars for property belonging to her, and when she inquired for the money she was informed that it was none of her business, that he proposed to manage her estates. She took fire; brought suit for divorce or separation; he let it go by default, and in about a year the happy lovers were forever separated. Burr died poor in 1834. Madame Jumel died June 14, 1865, in the ninety-second year of her age.

The white wooden house stands on a rocky bluff about where Ninth Avenue and One-hundred-and-sixty-fourth Street would intersect if they were worked through. The house fronts to the south, and commands an extensive view over Harlem Plains, the Westchester side, Randall's and other islands, and much of Queens County. It has a porch with four plain columns, a little inner balcony, a steep roof, and two ugly chimneys. There is a fine entrance to the grounds from St. Nicholas Avenue, with huge gates, and the warnings "No Trespass" and "Beware of the Dog." The house is only two stories high, but it is broad and roomy. Elegant carvings adorn the door, and inside one will be struck with a wonderful array of strange furniture, which Madame Jumel brought with her from France. The rooms are crowded with curious and useful articles, and the walls are adorned with expensive paintings. Not a little of the furniture once did service for royalty. The main parlor is richly furnished with mahogany furniture and rare pictures. The same



THE OLD JUMEL MANSION.—Photographed by Pach.

may be said of the drawing-room and other rooms. In the dining-room is one of those old-fashioned sideboards, large enough for the residence of a small family, adorned with ancient plate and bric-à-brac.

This house has a history of its own. Originally the property belonged to **Roger Morris**, who married **Mary Phillipse**, a sister of the rich Mrs. **Beverly Robinson**, and heiress in her own right of 50,000 acres of land. In 1764, **Morris** settled in the historic mansion; but he was a Tory, and when the war ended he went to England, where he died. The property was confiscated. Colonel **Morris** died in 1794, and his widow in 1825, at the age of ninety-six, and the next owner died in her ninety-second year. She tried for years to get the property back, but made no progress. After her death **John Jacob Astor** bought the claims of the heirs, and made a great deal of money by the venture. Though not exactly a "head-quarters," the **Jumel** (or **Morris**) mansion was occasionally visited by **Washington** as long as he was on the island. He also visited there after his election to the Presidency, of which latter occurrence the General made the following notice in his diary:

"*Saturday, July* 10, 1790.—Having formed a party, consisting of the Vice-President, his lady and son, and Mrs. **Smith**, the Secretaries of State, Treasury, and War, with all the gentlemen of my family, Mrs. **Lear** and the two children, we visited the old position of Fort Washington, and afterward dined on a dinner provided by Mr. **Marriner** at the house lately of Colonel **Roger Morris**, but confiscated, and now in the occupation of a former farmer."

A little before her death Madame **Jumel** made a will, in which she gave enormous amounts to religious and charitable institutions. She never had a child, but she adopted a daughter of her sister, and also adopted a boy, who married this adopted daughter. After fifteen years of litigation, in which the foremost lawyers of the city were engaged, the decision is to sell the property, and divide the proceeds among the true heirs, that is, to the husband of the adopted daughter (the daughter died several years before the will) and to the legitimate representatives of her (Madame **Jumel's**) sister, Mrs. **Jones**. The value of the property is somewhere in the millions.

MATIE AND THE DUST-PAN.

I've sung my love in many a rhyme;
I've wound her life in many a story—
What better worth hath poet's time
Than adding to his mistress' glory?—
I've sung her dainty morning dress;
I've sung the needle in her hand;
I've written verses to her curls,
And strewn them broadcast o'er the land.
But there's one weapon she can wield,
One before which I ever yield;
To her it is both sword and shield—
Her dainty little dust-pan.

Ah! dust's a thing you might suppose
That never could be made romantic,
And placed before the poet's nose,
Would have effect to drive him frantic.
But poets still must eat and drink,
However far they like to roam:—
Ah! Dante's self had smiled, I think,
To find his Beatrice at home—
A cottage in Italian land,
A jolly dinner neatly planned,
And in his lovely lady's hand
A dainty little dust-pan.

Ah! Matie knows the poet-soul
Is not sustained by fairy dishes—
At breakfast-time it wants a roll,
And has some fixed ideas on fishes;
That ecstasies are very well,
But cleanliness must have a place;
That heavenly raptures as they swell
Will not support our fallen race.
And so at morn she comes in sight,
Armed with the symbol of her might
To put my troubled room to right—
Her dainty little dust-pan.

JEROME PARK.

The gathering at the opening of the Jerome Park races on Decoration-day was unprecedented in numbers and enthusiasm. Two long trains left the Grand Central Dépôt for the Park crowded with passengers, and the road, from the Hotel Brunswick to the gates of the race-course, showed a continuous line of vehicles for hours. Never before were so many persons within the grounds, nor have the races on any previous occasion been patronized by so many fashionable and elegantly dressed ladies as on the opening day were seen on the balconies and lawn of the club-house and in the grand stand.

The races began with a one-mile dash, which was won by Blue Lodge, a short length ahead of Sir Hugh, Olivia coming in third, three lengths behind. On our front page will be found a picture of this race just at the finish.

THE SURVIVORS OF THE "JEANNETTE."

Nearly three years of absence, twenty-one months' imprisonment in the frozen seas, and twelve hours of interviews more or less importunate, are calculated to make the blessings of home very real to Lieutenant **Danenhower**. The world is already familiar with his wonderful experiences in the long arctic voyage so tragically closed, and yet the readers of the newspapers eagerly scanned the details of his reception in the port of New York on Sunday morning, the 28th inst. He arrived with Mr. **Newcomb**, the naturalist, **Long Sing**, the tough Chinaman, and poor **Jack Coles**, the insane boatswain, on the White Star steamer the *Celtic*. A little company, consisting of a few near relatives of the Lieutenant, a delegation from the Geographical Society of New York, and some reporters, put out from the barge office at the Battery about 8 o'clock, in the small steamer the *John Birkbeck*, and neared the *Celtic* just as she was leaving the Quarantine. The ship slowed, and the Lieutenant's brother-in-law clambered to the deck. A moment later the gallant explorer leaped down to the upper deck of the *Birkbeck*, and was wrapped in the arms of his father, clasped and caressed by his mother, hugged by his brother, and generally shaken and embraced and wept over and laughed with by the little crowd of friends from whom he had been so long separated. The small steamer was about to start for New York with its prize, when the Lieutenant remarked, says one of the reporters, in a blunt and surprised way: "Why, I can't leave **Jack**. Who is to take care of him?" And so he climbed back to the *Celtic*, was rejoined by his friends, and they all came to the city together.

Young **Danenhower**—for the hero is only thirty-one—is described as a tall, well-built man, with dark hair and eyes, a close brown beard, and a face completely browned by exposure. He is athletic. "Ah, **Harry**," he exclaimed, to a friend, "I'd like to have a wrestle with you. If I had you on a greensward instead of a ship's deck, I'd down you quickly." He comes home in very good spirits, in spite of his terrible sufferings, and in good general health. His right eye is still intact, but it is not certain that he can regain the use of the left one, which is now nearly blind, and as to which the doctors disagree. He is still compelled to wear goggles, but he is not confined to a darkened room. He speaks in glowing terms of the regimen under which the company of the unfortunate *Jeannette* were kept, and says that their health generally was excellent. This was due to a good provision of canned vegetables, to the close regulation of the exercise and clothing of the men, and to the strict temperance enforced as to all alcoholic stimulants. The men were obliged to take active exercise two hours every day. Games of foot-ball on the ice, races on foot or skates and in sledges, hunting excursions, everything, were resorted to to keep up their spirits, and vary the terrible monotony of the life they were condemned to.

On the whole the company showed marvellous mental elasticity as well as physical endurance. Shut in the locked sea of broken ice, they literally laughed at death. Poor **De Long** was always sanguine, always cheerful, never ceasing his efforts to keep the men in his charge up to the trial they were passing through, and never relaxing the vigilance with which he watched over every detail of their conduct. Lieutenant **Danenhower** speaks admiringly of the Captain, and asked the reporters particularly to deny for him that he had intended at any time to cast any reflection upon his conduct. He also said that in his opinion **Melville**, who was in charge of the relief expedition, had done everything in his power, and all and more than his duty required, in his management of that undertaking. To the *Herald* reporter he remarked: "Let me say emphatically that I consider it very unfair to **Melville** in his absence, and toward the memory of **De Long**, who is dead, to criticise those who can not defend themselves." In which manly sentiment every honest heart will agree.

It is one of the most curious incidents in this whole strange story that the men who have returned to us from tortures such as **Dante** hardly dreamed of for his frozen Inferno seem to regard their experience with great equanimity. What we read of in a connected tale, they have borne through a long series of slowly passing hours, and they seem to recall now, not the horrible sum total of their suffering, but its tedious monotony. "I think," said Lieutenant **Danenhower**, "we were more worried and depressed by the sameness and dreariness of the scene—the utter solitude—than anything else. To go upon deck every day and look out upon the same vast, endless waste of ice—it was that which we appeared to feel the most." And yet, though to this were added the fearful struggle with the elements in the "retreat," the bare escape with life, the long enforced darkness from the blinded eyes, Lieutenant **Danenhower** still nurses schemes of further and more daring exploration. Speaking of the discovery of the north pole, he says: "I think that, with repeated efforts, something can be accomplished toward it. My experience of three months of boating and sledding leads me to think that **Markham's** latitude, the highest so far reached [about 400 miles from the pole], can be surpassed. I have a plan of my own, but would not care to go into that at present."

The Lieutenant's faithful care of poor **Jack Cole** was very touching. He would not come ashore until the unfortunate boatswain had been taken in charge by the naval authorities. It will be remembered that **Cole's** mind was broken down, the Lieutenant thinks not so much by his own sufferings as by the sight of that of his companions. He has at times been very violent, and was pinioned on his arrival here; but he was entirely quiet and happy coming up the bay, and was particularly anxious to kiss every one whom he recognized. It is announced that he will be placed by Mr. **Bennett** in a private asylum, and Lieutenant **Danenhower** has hopes of his ultimate recovery. **Long Sing**, the Chinaman, was as calm as an Oriental fatalist could be expected to be. He gave his opinion that the north pole was a "belly good countlee," and expressed his intentions for the future in the curt phrase, "Mebbe go back."

Lieutenant **Danenhower** was present at the Decoration-day ceremonies in New York on the 30th, where the miniature *Jeannette*, crushed in the ice—the whole represented in flowers, and borne before the Lieutenant's carriage—must have given the final touch of contrast between his present situation and the experiences of the last three years.

PROFESSOR NAIRNE.

Charles Murray Nairne, Professor Emeritus of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy and English Literature, of Columbia College, died May 29, at Warrenton, Virginia, whither he had gone in search of health. He was a native of Perth, Scotland, where he was born on the 15th of April, 1808. In 1830 he graduated at St. Andrews University, and two years later at Edinburgh.

He came to this city in 1847, and was for several years an instructor in the Albany Female Academy. Ten years later he was appointed to a professorship in Columbia College, and remained in the active discharge of its duties until about a year ago, when failing health compelled him to seek retirement and rest. Professor **Nairne** was an author of high repute, an acceptable lecturer, and a frequent contributor to periodical literature.

EMERSON IN ENGLAND.

The death of Emerson caused an emotion in England which must by this time have been felt at Concord. The Free Public Library of that sacred town, a local memorial of him whose monument is the thinking world, has been forwarded the principal English papers, containing tributes to the memory of the great man, and will preserve them; but these, cordial as they are, will not report fully what Emerson was to many in England. On that sad day when Darwin was buried in Westminster Abbey, the hearts of his friends there were sitting also beside the couch of the great spiritualizer of evolution, to whom nearly fifty years ago nature whispered that same secret which Darwin discovered in his voyage round the world. In the very year (1836) when the young graduate of the English Cambridge returned from his voyage on the *Beagle*, and sat down to sum up his facts in the discovery of a new world, the scholar from the American Cambridge, who had voyaged to intellectual realms—penetrated the solitudes of Highgate, Rydal Mount, Craigenputtock—put forth his first book, *Nature*, wherein he raised as ideal truth that which Darwin afterward established in solid masonry of fact. "The greatest delight which the fields and woods minister is the suggestion of an occult relation between man and vegetable." "Every creature is only a modification of the other." Such sentences meet the eye on every page of *Nature*. It is marvellous to think that in the Concord woods this seer traced the progression of form—"every chemical change, from the rudest crystal up to the laws of life; every change of vegetation, from the first principle of growth in the eye of a leaf to the tropical forest and antediluvian coal mine; every animal function, from the sponge up to Hercules"—twenty-two years before Darwin was heard from. This fact has escaped even English critics, and they are somewhat mystified by the enthusiasm which such men as Tyndall feel for Emerson. The truth is, Emerson is the only writer of his time whose works are in harmony with this last great generalization of science. Auguste Comte ignored evolution; Mill was indifferent to it; Carlyle hated it. Emerson made it into a great hymn to nature. To those who read him, Emerson is a companion that never grows old. Long ago Matthew Arnold wrote his sonnet on Emerson:

> "A voice oracular has pealed to-day;
> To-day a hero's banner is unfurled."

And not long ago I heard him speak with admiration of Emerson, "who never lost his sanity." He is continually quoted in lectures, sermons, articles, and has been these many years, as if he were a well whither every teacher went to draw. The clergy use him as much as teachers like Max Müller, Ruskin, and Professor Nichols. Emerson's works are not very much read by the lower classes, though he is destined to become a prophet among them, but his effect on individual minds among them has made the romance of many a humble home. During my residence in England I have met with instances of his influence in regions where it could least have been expected. When the late Dr. Lankester, coroner of London, died suddenly, a volume of Emerson's essays was found in his pocket. When Emerson was last in this country, a Lord Mayor of London desired to meet him, because when he was a very poor lad he was stimulated to effort by reading Emerson, and now attributes his success to him. When Emerson preached in Edinburgh in 1833, a youth in the congregation showed him about the place, and the latter's whole life was influenced. That is Alexander Ireland, author of a fine bibliographical work, a gentleman of great influence in Manchester. When Emerson, then unknown, was in England, Ireland tells me he wrote in his diary a page of enthusiasm, which afterward seemed to him wild exaggeration, but it staid there till Emerson's books came, and made the early homage seem too cold. Such instances could be multiplied. One other I may mention, that of Sophia Dobson Collet, an able writer on Oriental religious movements. This deformed lady listened to Emerson's lectures in 1848, and knew him; and I believe that princesses would envy, if they knew it, the exaltation of that little study at Highbury, where this invalid has lived in the presence of her American friend.

I have been continually impressed by indications that for many young thinkers Carlyle was redeemed by his love for Emerson. Whatever might be the pessimist views of the Chelsea sage, whatever his reactionism, he bowed his head before Emerson. In my own experience, whenever Carlyle was particularly stormy, mention of Emerson could calm him at once. Emerson never bent a hair's-breadth before Carlyle, and was even careful to mingle stern truth with his warm friendship. How faithful were the wounds of this friend may be seen in an unpublished letter from which I quote, and which produced a profound impression upon the mind of Carlyle:

"**Concord**, 26 *September*, 1864.

"**Dear Carlyle**,—Your friend young S—— brought me your letter now too many days ago. It contained heavy news of your household, yet such as in these our autumnal days we must await with what firmness we can. I hear with pain that your wife, whom I have only seen beaming goodness and intelligence, has suffered and suffers so severely. I recall my first visit to your house, when I pronounced you wise and fortunate in those relations wherein best men are often neither wise nor fortunate. For the rest the Colonna motto would fit your letter—'Though sad, I am strong.'

"I had received in July (forwarded by young S.) the fourth volume of *Friedrich*, and it was my best reading in the summer, and for weeks my only reading. One fact was paramount in all the good I draw from it, that whomsoever many years had used and worn, they had not yet broken any fibre of your force—a pure joy to me, who abhor the inroads which time makes on me and my friends. To live too long is the capital misfortune. But this book will excuse you from any unseemly haste to make up your accounts—nay, hold you to fulfill your career with all amplitude and clearness. I found joy and pride in it, and discerned a golden chain of continuity not often seen in the works of men, apprising me that one good head and great heart remained in England, immovable, superior to his own eccentricities and perversities.

"I have in these last years lamented that you had not made the visit to America which in earlier years you projected or favored. It would have made it impossible that your name should be cited for one moment on the side of the enemies of mankind. Ten days' residence in this country would have made you the organ of the sanity of England and Europe to us and to them, and have shown you the necessities and aspirations which struggle up in our free States, which as yet have no organ to others, and are ill and unsteadily articulated here. In our to-day's division of Republican and Democrat it is certain that the American nationality lies in the Republican party (mixed and multiform though that party be), and I hold it not less certain that, viewing all the nationalities of the world, the battle of Humanity is at this hour in America.

"Ah, how gladly would I enlist you with your thunder-bolt on our part! How gladly enlist the wise, thoughtful, efficient pens and voices of England! We want England and Europe to hold our people stanch to their best tendency. Are the English of this day incapable of a great sentiment? Can they not leave cavilling at petty failures and bad manners, and at the dunce part (always the largest part in human affairs), and leap to the suggestions and finger-pointings of the gods, which, above the understanding, feed the hopes and guide the wills of men? This war has been conducted above the heads of all the actors in it; and the foolish terrors, 'What shall we do with the negro?' 'The entire black population is coming North to be fed,' etc., have strangely ended in the fact that the black refuses to leave his climate; gets his living *and* the living of his employer there, as he has always done; is the natural ally and soldier of the Republic in that climate; now takes the place of 200,000 white soldiers, and will be, as the conquest of the country proceeds, its garrison, till Peace without Slavery returns. Slave-holders in London have filled English ears with their wishes and perhaps beliefs; and our people, generals, and politicians have carried the like, at first, to the war, until corrected by irresistible experience. Our census of 1860 and the war are poems which will in the next age inspire a genius like your own. I hate to write you a newspaper, but in these times 'tis wonderful what sublime lessons I have once and again read on the bulletin-boards in the streets. Everybody has been wrong in his guess, except good women, who never despair of an ideal right.

"Forgive this long writing, and keep the old kindness which I prize above words. My kindest salutations to the dear invalid.

"**R. W. Emerson**."

When Emerson was last in this country—on his way home from Egypt, where he had apparently recovered the health lost through the burning of his house—his visit gave pleasure to many. Professor Tyndall was radiant. He still keeps with care the little volume he picked up on a book-stall in his youth, on whose fly-leaf he wrote, "Purchased by inspiration," and which influenced his life. He regretted that Emerson did not feel equal to giving a course of lectures at the Royal Institution. Oxford, where he was the guest of Max Müller, was still more disappointed. The only address he gave was a brief one, which I heard, at the Working-Men's College, in London, Thomas Hughes being beside him. In this touching last word in England, characteristically given to humble and earnest learners, he spoke of the "pathetically noble" effort of English scholars to educate their brethren in less happy circumstances. His face beamed upon the small assembly his farewell. To see the various men that gathered around Emerson in England, one might say that Concord as a virtue was organized in the Sage of Concord. Dean Stanley and Professor Newman (whose brother, Father Newman, he so surprisingly resembled in head and face), Tyndall and Max Müller, Huxley and Froude, and men of all various ideas, made a harmonious Round Table about him. Allingham, whose poem "The Touchstone" Emerson read in Concord Town-Hall on the day of John Brown's execution, guided him to Milton's tomb and other shrines about London. He visited that true poet of whom America knows too little, W. B. Scott, whose brother painted the portrait now in Concord Library. Of course he was much with Carlyle, and that house at Chelsea had its last weeks of serene sunshine while Emerson was here. From London he paid visits to the Irelands at Manchester, to Lord and Lady Amberley, at Tintern, and he visited Cyfarthfa Castle, in Wales, on the invitation of Mrs. Rose Crawshay, where I had charming walks with him amid the silent hills. His friends in England have "marked round with vermilion" that festal year when Emerson came into the homes he had made happy; and many were the children brought to him that they might say to their children and children's children, "This hand has been kept purer because it was once touched by Ralph Waldo Emerson."

M. D. Conway.

GARIBALDI.

In Giuseppe Garibaldi, who died at Caprera on the evening of June 2, of bronchitis, Italy has lost her most illustrious citizen. To him, even more than to Cavour, Mazzini, or Victor Emanuel, she owes her liberty and unification. A man of the people, brave, chivalrous, unselfish, enthusiastic in the cause of human liberty, by his example and daring deeds he roused his countrymen to the great struggle which, after many disasters and disheartening reverses, resulted in the complete overthrow of the foreign tyranny under which Italy had groaned for generations. He was the idol of the people. Had he chosen, he might have been the Dictator of Italy; but with a patriotism which sought nothing but the good of his country, he put aside the temptation in order that the Italian states might be merged into one strong nationality. His life was full of adventure. He served as a soldier in many lands, but always as a lover of human liberty, never as a mercenary.

Garibaldi was born at Nice, of poor parents, on the 22d of July, 1807. At an early age he embraced his ancestral calling of a sailor, and was for several years engaged in the coasting trade in various parts of the Mediterranean. At the age of twenty-four he became acquainted with Mazzini, with whom he was concerned in an unsuccessful conspiracy against Charles Albert, the King of Sardinia. Compelled to leave his country, he eventually made his way to South America, and soon after his arrival in that country engaged in the privateer service of the revolted republic of Rio Grande against Brazil, and experienced the various vicissitudes of victory, defeat, imprisonment, shipwreck, and escape in the revolutionary war. Amidst his troubles and dangers by land and sea, he found comfort in his marriage with a Brazilian lady, named Anita, to whom he was devotedly attached, and who fully returned his affection.

In 1847, hearing of the elevation of Pius IX. to the papacy, and persuaded of his liberal tendencies, Garibaldi offered him his services, but they were not accepted. He then offered his sword to Charles Albert, then in the field against Austria, and upon being repulsed by that monarch, repaired to Milan, where he was commissioned by the provincial government to organize Lombard volunteers for the war of freedom. After the flight of the Pope, Garibaldi visited Rome, where he found the people rejoicing over the proclamations of a republic, under which he was elected to the Constituent Assembly. He received orders to watch with his troops the movements of the King of Naples, but was called from this duty in order to resist the French army, which was then proceeding to invest the Roman territory. A severe battle took place on the 30th of April, in which Garibaldi, after a hard struggle against superior discipline and numbers, drove the French soldiers from the field. This victory was followed up by another, over the Neapolitan army, on the 9th of May. Rome, however, after a terrible struggle, which raged without intermission from the 23d to the 28th of June, fell into the hands of the French; and on the 2d of July Garibaldi, with 5000 of his volunteers, took his departure to carry on the war against the Austrians and the King of Naples. But misfortunes overpowered him. Many of his soldiers surrendered to the enemy, and his faithful Anita, who had shared all his dangers, yielded up her life, a victim to anxiety and fatigue.

Then came the episode of his life in America—as a soap and candle manufacturer on Staten Island, a merchant in Cincinnati, a wanderer in California; and then a brief return to his old business as a trader in the Mediterranean. Having amassed a little capital, he purchased the small island of Caprera, off the coast of Sardinia, where he settled down as an agriculturist, determined to await events.

The opportunity came in 1859, when he was summoned by Victor Emanuel to Turin to concert the plan which he was to play against the Austrians, then threatening Sardinia. He received a commission as Lieutenant-General, and found himself at the head of a choice band of 3000 volunteers, with which he left Turin on the 20th of May, and carried on a guerrilla warfare, which greatly harassed the Austrians. His followers—soon increased to 17,000 men—took Varese, Camerlata, and Como, and were successful at Bergamo, Brescia, and Rezzato.

After the hasty Treaty of Villafranca, which put an end to the war, leaving Venice in the hands of the Austrians, Garibaldi retired from his command, and resigned his rank in the Italian army, in order that he might be free to engage in his long-meditated expedition for the liberation of the Two Sicilies from the misrule of Francis II. When all was ready, he embarked at Genoa for Sicily on the 5th of May, 1860; landed on the 10th at Marsala, where he proclaimed himself Dictator of Sicily, in the name of Victor Emanuel, and proceeded to take Palermo and Messina. He then crossed the straits, landed in Calabria, and possessed himself of Naples, which he entered on the 9th of September. There he proclaimed Victor Emanuel amidst general enthusiasm and rejoicing. The Neapolitan army was defeated on the 1st of October; on the 21st the people of Naples voted in favor of annexation to the Sardinian States; on the 7th of November Victor Emanuel entered Naples, and on the 27th the army of Garibaldi was disbanded.

Garibaldi now retired to Caprera again, where he matured his plans for the ill-advised and unsuccessful expedition against Rome, in which Victor Emanuel was obliged to take part against him. In 1864 he paid a short visit to England, where he was received with great enthusiasm, and again retired to Caprera. He took an energetic part in the campaign of 1866, which gave Venice to Italy; but still restless under the exclusion of Rome from the kingdom, he began an agitation in 1867 for the annexation of the Papal States. This brought him again into collision with the Italian government, and he suffered arrest and imprisonment. He succeeded, however, in escaping, and entered the Pontifical States at the head of a small force. After a few unimportant successes, he was defeated by the combined French and Papal forces at Mentana on the 4th of November. On the evening of the same day he was arrested, and conducted to the fortress of Varignano, near Spezia. Owing to a severe illness, it was soon deemed expedient to transport him to Caprera.

With the exception of the brief episode of service in France during the Franco-German war, Garibaldi's military career was now ended. He lived to see the desire of his heart fulfilled in the restoration of Rome as the capital of united Italy; and although he would have preferred a republic, he gave a loyal support to the monarchy, as offering the only practicable solution of the great problem of Italian freedom and unity.

A RECEIPT IN FULL.

The tins had all been scoured until she could see her face, or grotesque caricatures of her face, in each and every one of them; the window-panes polished until they sparkled, or had sparkled—for it was now twilight—in the bright June sunshine; the silver burnished until neither spot nor speck marred its mild lustre; the loaves of bread baked until each crispy crust took on the right shade of tempting brown; and Molly was scrubbing the only unscrubbed corner of the kitchen—when Miss Cameron's deep, harsh, precise voice came to her from the dining-room: "Mary, are you not through yet?"

"Almost, ma'am," answered Molly.

"I think it is high time you were quite," declared the voice. "You must make haste. We are going to the lecture this evening, Miss Georgette and I; and as Mr. Malcolm also wishes to go out, we will be obliged to lock up the house. Therefore it is necessary that you should leave as soon as possible."

"Yes, ma'am," said Molly, meekly, and finished her scrubbing, with her tears falling fast and thick. Poor little girl! she had tried so hard to please her mistresses, or rather her mistress—for Miss Georgette was but a reflection of her elder sister—and her efforts had been met with a grim silence that betokened a begrudged satisfaction, until the last few weeks; that is, in fact, until Mr. George Malcolm came there. Mr. Malcolm was a sort of step-brother to the Misses Cameron (his father, a widower, with two boys, had married their mother, a widow, with two girls), and they inheriting nothing in the way of property from their own father, he generously made them an allowance from the moderate fortune left him by his. Generously and forgivingly—for they had not rendered a tithe of the respect, to say nothing of affection, which was his due, to their indulgent and kind-hearted step-father, choosing to look upon their mother's second marriage as an insult to the memory of the parent whose not-at-all-amiable characteristics had been his only legacy to them.

The cottage in which they lived, situated in the prettiest part of Meadowville (the furniture therein being their own, the bequest of a maternal grandmother), belonged to Mr. George; and here he had come in search of solitude and quiet, for the first time in twelve years or more, to spend a month or two in thinking out and arranging plans for starting a large business in a neighboring city. And, as I have already intimated, things had changed much for the worse with Molly, the servant-maid, since his arrival. The grim silence had given place to most open fault-finding, when Mr. Malcolm was not within hearing. The coffee was too strong, the tea too weak, the chickens underdone, the steaks burned, the eggs boiled too hard, the rooms badly swept, the shirts poorly ironed; and all these complaints, with many more, the elder spinster, confirmed by the younger, gave her to understand originated with the guest.

"What a hard man to please he must be!" Molly said to herself many times. "And yet he has one of the handsomest and kindest faces I ever saw; and he spoke right pleasantly to me the first day he came, and even offered me his hand (how Miss Cameron did frown!); but I pretended not to see it, for I knew it was not my place to shake hands with him. It is strange he should have become so fractious. He was so good and merry and kind when I was a little girl. I've heard father say often he'd rather shoe a horse for him than for any one else in the village." And then she would fall to thinking how grand he used to look to her childish eyes when he came riding up on his bay mare to the smithy, where she spent half her time watching her father at the forge. And he always brought her a gay picture-book, or a pretty ribbon, or a box of candies, or a bright new silver piece—one Christmas it was a gold one—and claimed a kiss (good gracious! how her cheeks flushed at the remembrance!) for payment when he rode away again. How happy, how very happy, she had been then, with that dear father and dear old Aunt Nanny!—so happy that she had scarcely ever felt the loss of the mother who had died in giving her birth. But when Molly was fifteen, the blacksmith, so strong and ruddy that it seemed impossible pain or sickness could ever come near him, fell sick, and after lingering, sorely crippled, for nearly two years, died, leaving nothing to his darling but hard work. Yes, there was one alternative: to become Mrs. Jake Willow, and mistress of the forge again; but Jake was a rough, vulgar fellow, and Molly, inheriting the delicate tastes and gentle ways of her mother (who had been a shy, pretty young governess before she married the handsome blacksmith), shrank from the loud voice and rude laughter of her would-be husband. And so, in preference to accepting Jake's offer, she became—and Heaven knows this was a hard enough thing to do—maid-of-all-work in the cottage of the Misses Cameron. Poor little Molly! prettier than many a princess, with lovely, black-fringed gray eyes, and hair of the very darkest brown—hair that would curl in spite of her, to Miss Cameron's great displeasure. "If *I* had such untidy hair," that lady would often declare, glancing approvingly into the mirror at the flat dyed bands that made a triangle of her high narrow forehead, "I'd shave my head;" and "We'd certainly shave our heads," would echo Miss Georgette.

The kitchen floor finished, the rugs shaken and returned to their places, the bread put away in the big stone jar in the cupboard, Molly sought her own room (which, truth to tell, was no room at all, but a corner of the garret rudely partitioned off, with only a small skylight to admit light and air—there were rooms, empty, unused rooms, in the attic, but "they were much too good for a servant," Miss Cameron said; and "very much too good for a servant," agreed her sister)—to make ready for her flitting. Molly looked around it as she tied her straw hat over her rebellious tresses, and again the tears filled her eyes. It had not been a happy place of rest to her, but it had been a place of rest, and a shelter, and she had been glad to have it, fearing to leave it lest worse luck lay beyond.

And she would not have been compelled to leave it had it not been for that unfortunate mirror, and the unceasing complaints of the old bachelor. *Old* bachelor! Why, he couldn't be so very old, after all, for he was only one-and-twenty (she was then between five and six) when he gave her the ribbons and books and silver pieces, and she gave him the kisses.

But the sound of closing shutters broke in on her reverie, and reminded her that her departure was waited for, and taking her bundle in her hand, she ran quickly and lightly down the stairs to the parlor, where the maiden ladies sat erect and stern, their bonnets already on in readiness for the lecture.

"I'm going now," said Molly, standing in the doorway, her sweet, pathetic face, with its pleading gray eyes and quivering lips, in no way touching what her mictresses were pleased to call their hearts. "Good-by, ma'am. Good-by, Miss Georgette."

But the only reply she got was: "Bear in mind that you are still indebted to us eight-and-twenty dollars. If, however, you should prefer to purchase a mirror yourself in place of the one broken by you, we will consent to receive it, provided it is in every way as good as that left us by our grandmother. And in that case we will agree to refund the eight dollars, your last month's wages, which we have retained as the first installment of your debt; which is really much more than could have been expected of us."

"Oh yes, indeed, very much more than could have been expected of us," murmured Miss Georgette.

"For such gross carelessness—" Miss Cameron went on.

"Indeed, ma'am," interrupted Molly, her cheeks flaming and her eyes sparkling, "as I have told you, I never touched it: I wasn't even near it. I was sweeping the other side of the parlor when it fell, and the cord it hung by was all moth-eaten, and had parted just in the middle, as I showed you at the time."

"—Should be punished," continued Miss Cameron, not paying the slightest attention to the girl. "And one word more. Please to remember that we have your signature to an acknowledgment that you consider yourself responsible for the breakage."

"You frightened me so that I scarcely knew what I was signing," said Molly. "But as I have promised, I will pay you, for it shall never be said that my father's daughter broke her word. I'd give you the few dollars I have saved, if I had not to keep them for my own support until I get another place. Poor Aunt Nanny can only give me shelter, for, as you know, she has depended almost entirely on me for food and clothes ever since my father died."

"Yes, and a very ridiculous thing for both of you," snapped Miss Cameron, with a cold snap. "She might much better sell the hut she lives in for kindling-wood, and go to the poor-house, and you might much better save your wages to pay for the things you break. For break you will to the end of your days. I never saw a person with such fly-away hair as yours that was not vain, careless, and frivolous. You may go."

"Yes, indeed, you may go," added Miss Georgette.

And the poor child went out into the road, homeless and almost friendless, with a shadow on her fair young face and a pain in her young heart. But she had only turned into the long lane that led to old Nanny's cottage, when some one came quickly to her side, and said, in a kindly voice, "Molly!—poor little Molly!" and there was Mr. Malcolm. And Molly, in her grief, thinking only of him as the friend of her childhood, who had known her as the darling of the kindest of fathers, flung her bundle down, and burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"They were hard on me, your sisters, Mr. Malcolm," she sobbed—"very hard on me. I did my best for them. I worked—and I am not very strong, though I am a blacksmith's daughter—from morning till night, and yet I could not please them. And it was *not* my fault about the mirror. It was not—it was not—it was *not*. Though Miss Cameron insists that I stopped sweeping to look at my curly hair—I can't help its curling; I did everything to make it straight; I tied it back so tight, over and over again, that my head ached awful—and knocked it with the broom. She was a little better before you came; but after you came, and complained so much about the tea, and the coffee, and your shirts, and—and everything—"

"I complain!" exclaimed her listener, breaking in upon her rather confused narration of her wrongs. "Why, I never complained of anything. How could I?—there was nothing to be complained of."

"She said you did. But I beg pardon, sir"—suddenly remembering the difference between the candy-and-kisses time and the present. "She is your sister, and—and my troubles are nothing to you."

"She is my sister an extremely long step off," he replied, gravely; "and your troubles are a great deal to me; and furthermore, I think I see a way—a pleasant way—out of them. Let me walk with you to your aunt Nanny's, and there, with her to advise us, we'll talk matters over."

"Oh, it's such a poor place, Mr. Malcolm! Miss Cameron called it a hut, and said it was only fit for kindling-wood."

"I've been in much poorer places, Molly," said he, and picking up her bundle, he walked by her side to the old woman's cottage.

Two weeks passed by. A poor drudge from the work-house, whose chief (in fact whose sole) recommendation was "no wages," had taken Molly's place in the Misses Cameron's kitchen. Mr. Malcolm had gone away on business directly after her coming, and on the evening appointed for his return, the two sisters, attired in dresses of dull gray, unrelieved by a single touch of color, sat (everything in the house being in heart-chilling, dreadful stony order), one at each parlor window, awaiting his arrival.

"He must be coming; I think I hear wheels," said the elder, in her usual precise tones.

"Wheels," repeated her sister.

And "wheels" they were, but not the wheels of a carriage, but those of a truck, and this truck, on which lay a long wooden box, stopped before the cottage door.

"A mirror for Miss Cameron," the driver called out as he jumped down.

"A mirror!" repeated the spinster, unable to restrain a gesture of surprise. And "A mirror!" said Miss Georgette, with another gesture of surprise.

"Yes, ma'am; from Willard's, New York. Where is it to be taken?"

"First unpack it out here," commanded the lady, recovering her self-possession. "I can't have the house littered up with splinters and shavings."

"No, indeed," chimed in Miss Georgette, also recovering her self-possession. "Splinters and shavings!"

So the box was unpacked at the road-side, and the mirror taken from it proved to be better and handsomer in every respect than that it had been sent to replace.

"I've brought wire to hang it with," said the man, as he carried it into the house; "so there'll be no danger from moths this time."

"Moths!" said Miss Cameron, glaring at him. And "Moths!" echoed her sister, also glaring. And they both continued to glare, as though called upon to superintend a piece of work highly repugnant to their feelings, until the mirror was hung, and the driver again in his place on the truck.

"Of course George sent it," said Miss Cameron, when the man had driven away. "But Mary Brown must pay for the other all the same. Our having this makes no difference in regard to the agreement with her."

"No difference in regard to the agreement with her," assented Miss Georgette—when who should walk in, in a gray silk walking dress, a bunch of crimson flowers at her throat, and another in her belt, and the most coquettish gray hat, adorned with more crimson flowers, but Molly herself?

"Good-evening," she said, smilingly. "I have called for a receipt in full."

"A receipt in full! And for what, pray? Have you brought the money?" asked her whilom mistress. And, "Have you brought the money?" echoed her other whilom mistress.

"No, I have not brought the money," answered Molly; "but I have sent you a mirror that more than answers all your requirements."

"You!" from both sisters at once. And again, for the second time in one short hour, they were guilty of being surprised, and letting their surprise be seen.

"Yes, I. I have the bill with me. A receipt in full, if you please."

Miss Cameron arose, walked in a stately manner—Molly following her—to her desk in the dining-room, seated herself, took pen, ink, and paper, and began: "Received from Mary B—" when—

"Stop a moment," said Molly; "my name is no longer Mary Brown."

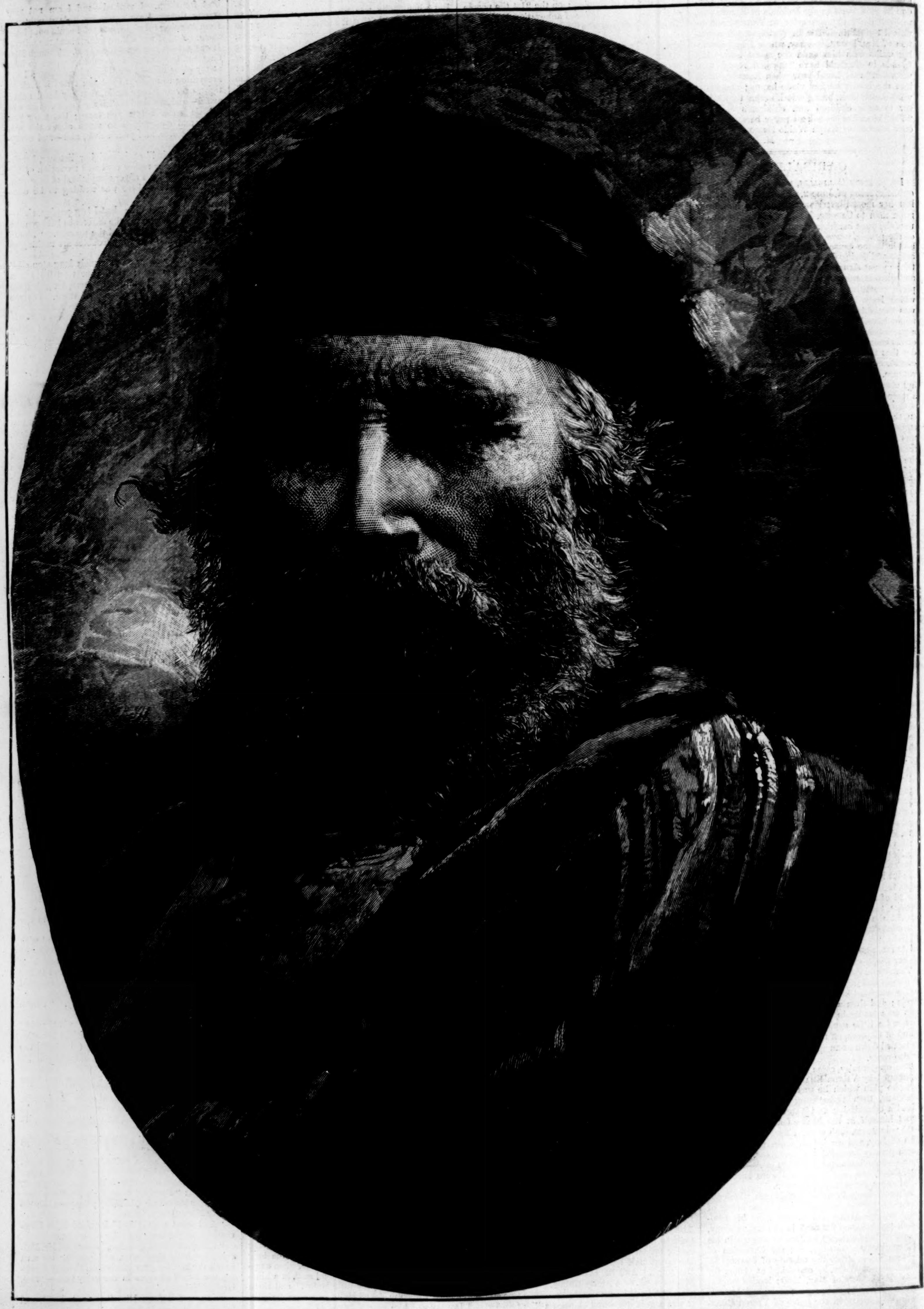
"And what may it be?" inquired Miss Cameron, regarding her with lofty contempt.

"*I'll* answer that question," answered Mr. Malcolm, suddenly appearing, and passing his arm round the slender gray silk waist, thereby crushing the bunch of roses in the natty belt—"Mrs. George Malcolm."

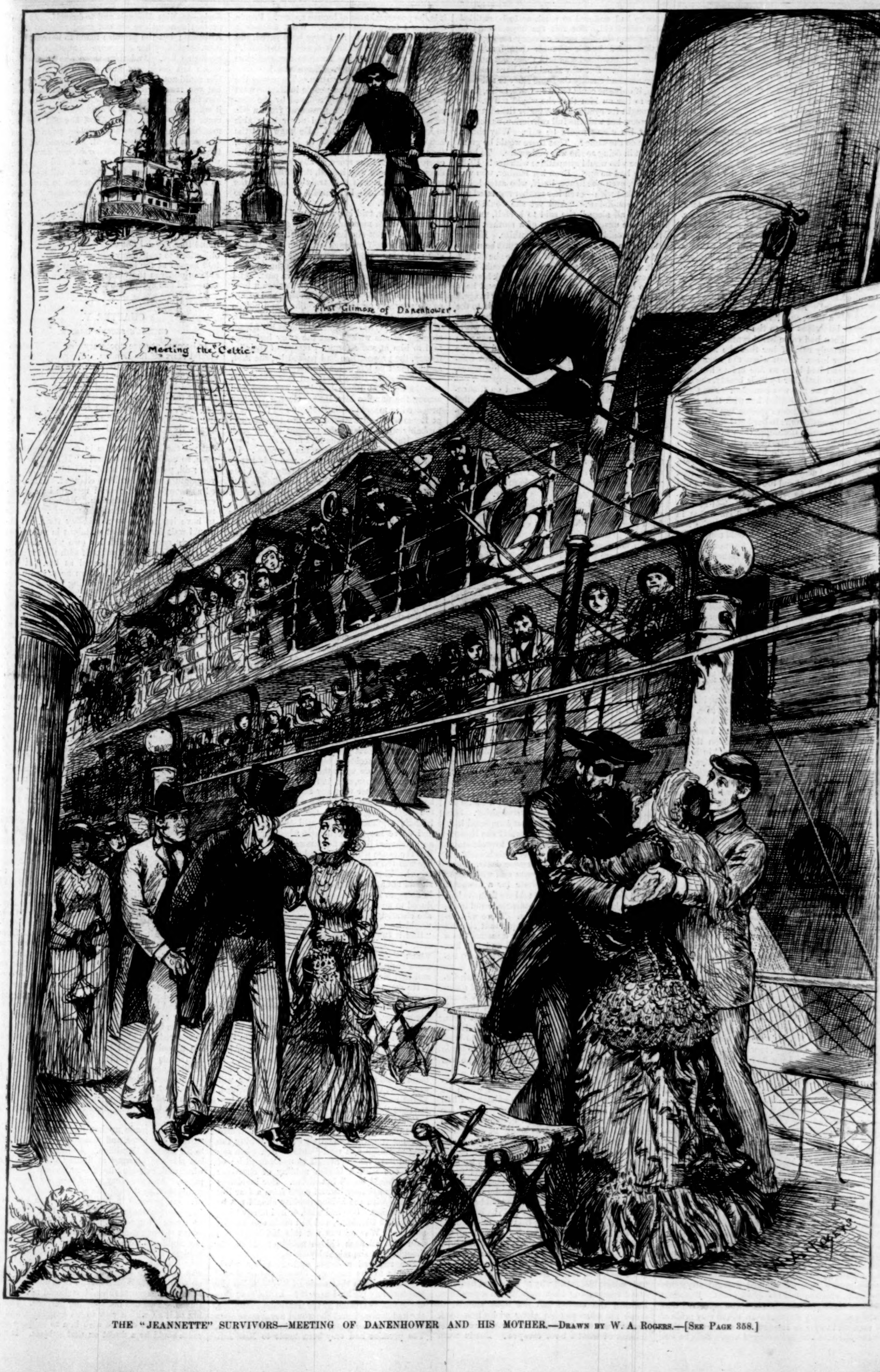
The pen fell from Miss Cameron's hand, and for the first time in her life that estimable woman went into hysterics, whither her equally estimable sister immediately followed her.

And Molly, taking her leave at that moment, never received any receipt, in full or otherwise, after all.

Margaret Eytinge.



GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.—[See Page 359.]


Meeting the "Celtic."
First Glimpse of Danenhower.
W. A. Rogers

THE "JEANNETTE" SURVIVORS—MEETING OF DANENHOWER AND HIS MOTHER.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 358.]

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1327.]

KEPT IN THE DARK.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "ORLEY FARM," "THE WARDEN," "IS HE POPENJOY?" "MARION FAY," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. WESTERN.

THE Holts travelled about during the whole of that year, passing the summer in Switzerland, and the autumn in the north of Italy, and found themselves at Rome in November, with the intention of remaining there for the winter. One place was the same to them as another, and it was necessary that they should at any rate exist until the term had expired for which they had let their house. Mrs. Holt had, I think, enjoyed her life. She had been made more of than at home, and had been happy amidst the excitement. But with Cecilia it had been for many months as though all things had been made of leather and prunello. She had not cared, or had not seemed to care, for scenery or for cities. In that last episode of her life she had aspired to a new career, and had at first been fairly successful. And she had loved the man honestly for a time, and had buoyed herself up with great intentions as to the future duties of her life. Then had come her downfall, in which it was commonly said of her that she had been jilted by her lover. Even when the mountains of Switzerland had been so fine before her eyes as in truth to console her by their beauty, she had not admitted that she was consoled. The Campanile at Florence had filled her with that satisfaction which comes from supreme beauty. But still when she went home to her hotel she thought more of Sir Francis Geraldine than of the Campanile. To have been jilted would be bad, but to have it said of her that she had been jilted when she was conscious that it was untrue was a sore provocation. And yet no one could say but that she had behaved well and been instigated by good motives. She had found that her lover was ignoble, and did not love her. And she had at once separated herself from him. And since that in all her correspondence with her friends she had quietly endured the idea which would continually crop up that she had been jilted. She never denied it; but it was the false accusation rather than the loss of all that her marriage had promised her which made her feel the Matterhorn and the Campanile to be equally ineffective. Then there gradually came to her some comfort from a source from which she had certainly not expected it. On their travels they had become acquainted with a Mr. Western, a silent, shy, almost middle-aged man, whom they had sat next to at dinner for nearly a week before they had become acquainted with him. But they had passed on from scenery to city, and, as had been their fortune, Mr. Western had passed on with them. Who does not know the way in which some strange traveller becomes his friend on a second or a third meeting in some station or hotel saloon? In this way Mrs. Holt and Cecilia had become acquainted with Mr. Western, and on parting with him at Venice in October had received with gratification the assurance that he would again "turn up" in Rome.

"He is a very good sort of man," said Mrs. Holt to her daughter that night. Cecilia agreed, but with perhaps less enthusiasm than her mother had displayed. For Mrs. Holt the assertion had been quite enthusiastic. But Cecilia did think that Mr. Western had made himself agreeable. He was an unmarried man, however, and there had been something in the nature of a communication which he had made to her that had prevented her from being loud in his praise. Not that the communication had been one which had in any way given offense; but it had been unexpected, confidential, and of such a nature as to create much thought. No doubt an intimacy had sprung up between them. But yet it was singular that a man apparently so reticent as Mr. Western should make such a communication. How the intimacy had grown by degrees need not here be explained, but that it had grown to be very close will appear from the nature of the story told.

The story was one of Mr. Western's own life, and was as follows. He was a man of good, but not of large, private means. He had been to Oxford, and had there distinguished himself. He had been called to the bar, but had not practiced. He had gone into Parliament, but had left it, finding that the benches of the House of Commons were only fitted for the waste of time. He had joined scientific societies, to which he still belonged, but which he did not find to be sufficient for his happiness. During these attempts and changes he had taken a house in London, and having a house, had thought it well to look for a wife. He had become engaged to a certain Miss Mary Tremenhere, and by her he had been—jilted. Since that, for twelve months he had been travelling abroad, in quest, he said, not of consolation, but of some mitigation of his woe. Cecilia, when she heard this, whispered to him one little question, "Do you love her?" "I thought I did," he answered. And then the subject was dropped.

It was a most singular communication for him to make. Why should he, an elderly man as she at first took him to be, select her as the recipient for such a tale? She took him to be an elderly man, till she found by the accidents of conversation that he was two years younger than Sir Francis Geraldine. Then she looked into his face, and saw that appearance of age had come upon him from sorrow. There was a tinge of gray through his hair, and there were settled lines about his face, and a look of steadied thought about his mouth, which robbed him of all youth. But when she observed his upright form, and perceived that he was a strong stalwart man, in the very pride of manhood as far as strength was concerned—then she felt that she had wronged him. Still, he was one who had suffered so much as to be entitled to be called old. She felt the impossibility of putting him in the same category among men as that filled by Sir Francis Geraldine. The strength of manhood was still there, but not the salt of youth. But why should he have told her—her who had exactly the same story to tell back again, if only she could tell it? Once, twice, there came to her an idea that she would tell it. He had sought for sympathy not under the assurance of secrecy, but with the full conviction, as she felt it, that his secret would be safe. Why should not she do the same? That there would be great comfort in doing so she was well aware. To have some one who would sympathize with her! Hitherto she had no one. Even her mother, who was kindness, even obedience, itself, who attended to her smallest wish—even her mother regretted the baronet son-in-law. "And yet she would have been left all alone," she said to herself, marvelling at the unselfish fondness of a mother. Mr. Western would be bound to sympathize. Having called upon her for sympathy, his must be ready. But when she had thought of it thrice she did not do it. Were she to tell her story, it would seem as though she were repeating to him back his own. "I too have been in love, and engaged, and have jilted a gentleman considerably my senior in age." She would have to say that, likening herself to the girl who had jilted him, or else to tell the other story, the untrue story, the story which the world believed, in order that she might be on a par with him. This she could not do. If she told any, she must tell the truth, and the truth was not suitable to be told. Therefore she kept her peace, and sympathized with a one-sided sympathy.

In Rome they did again meet, and on this occasion they met as quite old friends. He called upon them at their hotel, and sat with them, happier than usual in his manner, and, for him, almost light and gay of heart. Parties were made to St. Peter's, and the Coliseum, and the Capitol. When he left on that occasion Cecilia remarked to her mother how much less triste he was than usual. "Men, I suppose," she said to herself, "get over that kind of thing quicker than women."

In Rome it seemed to Cecilia that Mr. Western when alone with her had no other subject for conversation than the ill treatment he had received from Mary Tremenhere. His eagerness in coming back to the subject quite surprised her. She herself was fascinated by it, but yet felt it would be better were she to put a stop to it. There was no way of doing this unless she were to take her mother from Rome. She could not tell him that on that matter he had said enough, nor could she warn him that so much of confidential intercourse between them would give rise in the minds of others to erroneous ideas. Her mother never seemed to see that there was anything peculiar in their intercourse. And so it went on from day to day and from week to week.

"You asked me once whether I loved her," he said one day. "I did; but I am astonished now that it should have been so. She was very lovely."

"I suppose so."

"The most perfect complexion that was ever seen on a lady's cheek." Cecilia remembered that her complexion too had been praised before this blow had fallen upon her. "The color would come and go so rapidly that I used to marvel what were the thoughts that drove the blood hither and thither. There were no thoughts—unless of her own prettiness and her own fortunes. She accepted me as a husband because it was necessary for her to settle in life. I was in Parliament, and that she thought to be something. I had a house in Chester Square, and that was something. She was promised a carriage, and that conquered her. As the bride I had chosen for myself she became known to many, and then she began to understand that she might have done better with herself. I am old, and not given to many amusements. Then came a man with a better income and with fewer years; and she did not hesitate for a moment. When she took me aside and told me that she had changed her mind, it was her quiescence and indifference that disturbed me most. There was nothing of her new lover; but simply that she did not love me. I did not stoop for a moment to a prayer. I took her at her word, and left her. Within a week she was acknowledged to be engaged to Captain Geraldine."

The naming of the name of course struck Cecilia Holt. She remembered to have heard something of the coming marriage by her lover's cousin, and something, too, of the story of the girl. But it had reached her ear in the lightest form, and had hardly remained in her memory. It was now of no matter, as she had determined to keep her own history to herself. Therefore she made no exclamation when the name of Geraldine was mentioned.

"How could I love her after that?" he continued, betraying the strong passion which he felt. "I had loved a girl whose existence I had imagined, and of whom I had seen merely the outward form, and had known nothing of the inner self. What is it that we love?" he continued. "Is it merely the colored doll, soft to touch and pleasant to kiss? Or is it some inner nature which we hope to discover, and of which we have found the outside so attractive? I had found no inner self which it had been possible that I could love. He was welcome to the mere doll, who was wanted simply that she should grace his equipage. I have asked myself, Why is it that I am so sorely driven, seeing that in truth I do not love her? I would not have her now for all the world. I know well how providential has been my escape. And yet I go about like a wounded animal who can find none to consort with him. Till I met you, and learned to talk to you, I was truly miserable. And why? Because I had been saved from falling when standing on a precipice. Because the engine had not been allowed to crush me when passing along on its iron road. Ought I not to rejoice and be thankful rather, as I think of what I have escaped? But in truth it is the poor weakness of human nature. People say that I have been—jilted. What matters it to me what people say? I have been saved, and as time goes on I shall know it, and be thankful."

Every word of it came home to her, and gave her back her own story. There was her own soreness and her own salvation. There was the remembrance of what the people in Exeter were saying of her, only slightly relieved by the conviction that she had been preserved from a life of unhappiness. But she had never been able to look at it quite as he did. He knew that the better thing had happened to him; but she, though she knew it also, was sore at heart because people told the story, as she thought, to her discredit. There was, indeed, this difference between them. It was said truly of him that the girl had jilted him, but falsely of her that she had been jilted.

She, however, told him nothing of her own life. There had come moments in which she was sorely tempted. But she had allowed them to pass by, telling herself on each occasion that this at any rate was not the moment. She could not do it now—or now—or now—lest there should seem to be some peculiar motive on her own part. And so the matter went on till there had arisen a feeling of free confidence on the one side, and of absolute restraint on the other. She could not do it, she said to herself. Much as she trusted Mr. Western, deeply as she regarded him as her friend, strongly as she wished that the story had been told to him at some former passage of their intimacy, the proper time had passed by, she said, and he must be left in his ignorance.

Then one day there happened that which the outside world at Rome had long expected, and among the number Mrs. Holt. George Western proposed to marry Cecilia Holt. Of all the world at Rome who had watched the two together she probably was the last who thought of any such idea. But even to her the idea must surely have come in some shape before the proposal. He had allowed her to feel that he was only happy in her company, and he had gradually fallen into the habit of confiding to her in everything. He had told her of his money, and of his future life. He had consulted her about his books, and pictures he had bought, and even about the servants of his establishment. She can not but have expected it. But yet when the moment came she was unable to give him an answer.

It was not that she did not think that she liked him. She had been surprised to find how fond she had gradually become of him—how Sir Francis had faded in her memory, and had become a poor washed-out daub of a man, while this other had grown into the proportions of a hero. She did not declare to herself that she loved him, but she was sure that she could do so. But two reasons did for a while make her feel that she could not accept him. The one was weak as water, but still it operated with her. Since she had been abroad she had corresponded regularly with Miss Altifiorla, and Miss Altifiorla in her letters had been very strong in her aversion to matrimony. Many things had been said apparently with the intention of comforting Cecilia, but written in truth with the view of defending herself. "I have chosen the better side, and have been true to it without danger of stumbling." So it was that Miss Altifiorla put it. "You, dearest Cecilia, have had an accident, but have recovered, and stand once more upon the solid ground. Take care, oh, take care, that you do not fall." Cecilia did not remember that any chance of stumbling had come in Miss Altifiorla's way; and was upon the whole disgusted by the constancy of her friend's arguments. But still they did weigh, and drove her to ask herself whether, in truth, an unmarried life was not the safer for a woman. But the cause which operated the strongest with her was the silence which she had herself maintained. There was indeed no reason why she should not at once begin and tell her story. But in doing so it would appear that she had been induced to do it only by Mr. Western's offer. And she cheated herself by some vague idea that she would be telling the secrets of another person. "Had it been for myself only," she said to herself, "I would have done it long since. But that which made it improper then would make it still more improper now." And so she held her peace and told Mr. Western nothing of the story.

He came to her the day after his offer and demanded her answer. But she was not as yet able to give it to him. She had in the mean time told her mother, and had received from her that ready, willing, quick assurance of her sanction which was sure to operate in a different way from that intended. Her mother was thinking only of her material interests—of a comfortable house, and a steady, well-to-do life's companion. Of what more should she have thought, the reader will say. But Cecilia had still in her head undefined, vague notions of something which might be better than that—of some companion who might be better than the companions which other girls generally choose for themselves. She dreamed of some one who should sit with her during the long mornings and read Dante to her, when she should have taught herself to understand it; of some one with a hidden nobility of character which should be all but divine. Her invectives against matrimony had all come from a fear lest the man with the hidden nobility should not be forth-coming. She had tried, or had nearly tried, Sir Francis Geraldine, and had made one hideous mistake. Was or was not this Mr. Western a man with all such hidden nobility? If so, she thought that she might love him.

She required a week, and gave her whole thoughts to the subject. Should she or should she not abandon that mode of life to which she had certainly pledged herself? In the first days of the misery created by the Geraldine disruption, she had declared that she would never more open her ears or her heart to matrimonial projects. The promise had only been made to Miss Altifiorla—to Miss Altifiorla and to herself. At the present moment she did not greatly regard Miss Altifiorla; but the promise made to herself, and corroborated by her assurance to another, almost overcame her. And then there was that story which she could not now tell to Mr. Western. She could not say to him, "Yes, I will accept you, but you must first hear my tale," and then tell him the exact copy of his own to her. And yet it was necessary that he should know. The time must come—some day. Alas! she did not remember that no day could be less painful, less disagreeable, than the present. If he did not like the story now, he could tell her so, and have done with it. There could be no fault found with her. It had hitherto been free to her to tell it or not as she pleased. "I had not meant to have disclosed my secret, but now it is necessary." Even had he fancied that she had "invented it" in part and made it like to his own, no harm, no dangerous harm, would come from that. He could but be angry, and recede from his offer. But she found that she did not wish him to recede. Her objections to matrimony had all been cured. She told herself at the last moment that she was not able to undergo the absurdity of such a revelation—and she accepted him.

CHAPTER V.

CECILIA'S SECOND CHANCE.

IT became at once necessary that Mr. Western should start off for London. That had been already explained. He would go, whether accepted or refused. When she had named a week, he had told her that he should only have just time to wait for her reply. She offered to be ready in five days, but he would not hurry her. During the week she had hardly seen him, but she was aware that he remained silent, moody, almost sullen. She was somewhat afraid of his temper; but yet she had found him in other respects so open, so noble, so consistent! "It shall be so," she said, putting her hand into his. Then his very nature seemed to have changed. It appeared as though nothing could restrain him in the expression of his satisfaction. Nothing could be more quietly joyous than his manner. He was to have left Rome by a mid-day train, but he would wait for a train at midnight in order that he might once dine with his own wife that was to be. "You will kill yourself with the fatigue," Cecilia said. But he laughed at her. It was not so easy to kill him. Then he sat with her through the long morning, telling her of the doings of his past life, and his schemes for the life to come. He had a great book which he wanted to write—as to which everybody might laugh at him, but she must not laugh. But he laughed at himself and his aspiration; but she promised all her sympathy, and she told him of their house at Exeter, and of her mother's future loneliness. He would do anything for her within his power. Her mother should live with them if she wished it. And she spoke of the money which was to be her own, and told him of the offer which her mother had made as to giving up a portion of it. Of this he would have none. And he told her how it must be settled. And he behaved just as a lover should do—taking upon himself to give directions, but giving all the directions just such as she would have them.

Then he went; and there came upon her a cold, chilling feeling that she had already been untrue to him. It was a feeling as to which she could not speak, even to her mother. But why had not her mother advised her and urged her to tell him everything? Her mother had said not a word to her about it. Why did her mother treat her as though she were one to be feared, and beyond the possibility of advice? But to her mother she said not a word on the subject. From the moment in which Mr. Western had first begun to pay her attention, the name of Sir Francis had never been mentioned between the mother and daughter. And now in all their intercourse Mrs. Holt spoke with an unclouded serenity of their future life. It was to her as though the Geraldine episode had been absolutely obliterated from the memory of them all. Mr. Western to her was everything. She would not accept his magnificent offer of a home, because she knew that an old woman in a man's house could only be considered as in his way. She would divide her income, and give at any rate a third to her daughter. And she did bestow much advice as to the manner in which everything should be done so as to tend to his happiness. His tastes should be adopted, and his ways of life should be studied. His pursuits should be made her pursuits, and his friends her friends. All this was very well. Cecilia knew all that without any teaching from her mother. Her instincts told her as much as that. But what was she to do with this secret which loaded her bosom, but as to which she could not bring herself even to ask her mother's advice?

Then she made up her mind that she would write to her lover, and relate the whole story as to Sir Francis Geraldine. And she did write it; but she was alarmed at finding that the story, when told, extended itself over various sheets of paper. And the story would take the shape of a confession, as though she were telling her lover of some passage in her life of which she had cause to be ashamed. She knew that there was no ground for shame. She had done nothing which she ought not to have done, nothing which she could not have acknowledged to him without a blush. When the letter was completed, she found it to be one which she could not send. It was as though she were telling him something on reading which he would have to decide whether their engagement should or should not be continued. This was not at all her purpose. Thinking of it all with a view to his happiness, and to his honor, she did not wish him to suppose that there could be a doubt on that subject. It was clear to her that a letter so worded was not fit for the occasion, and she destroyed it. Still she was minded to write to him, but for the moment she postponed her purpose. Of course she wrote to her friends in Exeter. Were she to be silent to them it would appear as though she were ashamed of what she was now doing. She told Maude Hippesley, or Mrs. Thorne as she was now called, and she told Mrs. Green, and also Miss Altifiorla. Immediate answers came from the three. Those from the two married ladies were in all respects satisfactory. That from Mrs. Thorne was quite enthusiastic in its praises of matrimony. That from Mrs. Green was a little less warm, but was still discreetly happy. She had no doubt in her own mind that a married life was preferable, and that Mr. Western, though perhaps a little old, was upon the whole a well-chosen and deserving consort for life. But the letter from Miss Altifiorla was very different from these, and as it had some effect perhaps in producing the circumstances which are to be told, it shall be given at length:

"My dear Cecilia,—I am, of course, expected to congratulate you, and as far as Mr. Western's merits are concerned, I do so with my full heart. He is possessed, I have no doubt, of all those virtues which should adorn a husband, and is in all respects the very opposite to Sir Francis Geraldine. You give me to understand that he is steady, hard-working, and properly ambitious. In spite of the mistake which you made in reference to Sir Francis Geraldine, I will not doubt but that your judgment in respect to Mr. Western will be found correct. If it is to be, I dare say it could not be better. But must it be?" "Of course it must," said Cecilia to herself, feeling very angry with Miss Altifiorla for raising the question at such a time and in such a manner. "After all the sweet converse and sweeter resolutions that have passed between us on this matter, must all be abandoned like a breath of summer wind, meaning nothing?" Of what infinitely bad taste was not the woman guilty, in thus raising the question when the only final answer to it had been already given? Cecilia felt ashamed of herself as she thought of this, in that she had admitted the friendship of such a friend. "A breath of summer wind!" she said, repeating with scorn her friend's somewhat high-flown words. "I can not but say that, like Martha, you have chosen the worser part," continued the letter. "The things of the world, which are in themselves but accidents, have been for a moment all in all to you; but knowing you as I do, I am aware how soon they will fade away, and have no more than their proper weight. Then you will wake some day, and feel that you have devoted yourself to the mending of his stockings and the feeding of his babies." There was something in this which stirred Cecilia to absolute wrath. If there were babies, would they not be her babies as well as his? Was it not the intention of the Lord that the world should be populated? The worser part, indeed! Then she took up the cudgels in her own mind on behalf of Martha, as she had often done before. How would the world get on unless there were Marthas? And was it not more than probable that a self-dubbed Mary should fall into idle ways under the pretense that she was filled with special inspiration? Looking at Miss Altifiorla as a Mary, she was somewhat in love with the Marthas.

"I do not doubt that Mr. Western is what he should be," the letter went on, "but even judging him by your letter, I find that he is autocratic and self-opinioned. It is his future life, and not yours, of which he is thinking, his success and not yours, his doings and not your doings." "How does she know?" exclaimed Cecilia. "She has only my account of him, and not his of me." "And he is right in this," went on the letter, "because the ways of the world allow such privileges to men. What would a man be unless he took the place which his personal strength has obtained for him? For women, in the general, of course matrimony is fit. They have to earn their bread, and think of little else. To be a man's toy and then his slave, with due allowance for food and clothes, suffices for them. But I had dreamed a dream that it would not suffice for you. Alas, alas! I stand alone now in the expression of my creed. You must excuse me if I repine, when I find myself so cruelly deserted."

All this Cecilia felt to be as absurd as it was ill-timed—and to be redeemed, as it were, from its ill-nature by its ridiculous philosophy. But at last there came a paragraph which admitted of no such excuse. "What has Mr. Western said as to the story of Sir Francis Geraldine? Of course you have told him the whole, and I presume that he has pardoned that episode. In spite of the expression of feelings which I have been unable to control, you must believe, dear Cecilia, that I am as anxious as ever for your happiness, and am, Your most affectionate friend,

"Francesca Altifiorla."

Cecilia, when she had completed the reading of the letter, believed nothing of the kind. That last paragraph about Sir Francis had turned all her kindly feelings into wrath, and contained one word which she knew not how to endure. She was told that Mr. Western had "pardoned" the Geraldine episode in her life. She had done nothing for which pardon had been necessary. To merit pardon there must have been misconduct; and as this woman had known all her behavior in that matter, what right had she to talk of pardon? In what had she needed pardon, or, at any rate, the pardon of Mr. Western? There had been a foolish engagement made between her and Sir Francis Geraldine, which had been most wisely dissolved. The sin, if sin there had been, was against Sir Francis, and certainly had never been considered as sin by this woman who now wrote to her. Was it a sin that she had loved before, a matter as to which Mr. Western was necessarily in ignorance when he first came to her? But might it not come to pass that his pardon should be required in that the story had never been told to him? It was the sting which came from that feeling which added fierceness to her wrath. "Of course you have told him the whole, and I presume that he has pardoned that episode." She had not told Mr. Western the whole, and had thus created another episode for which his pardon might be required. It was this that the woman had intended to insinuate, understanding with her little sharpness, with her poor appreciation of character, how probable it was that Cecilia should not have told him of her previous engagement.

She sat thinking of it all that night, till the matter assumed new difficulties in her mind's eyesight. And she began to question to herself whether Mr. Western had a right to her secret—whether the secret did not belong to two persons, and she was bound to keep it for the sake of the other person. She had committed a wrong, an injury, or at any rate had inflicted a deserved punishment upon Sir Francis—one as to which a man would naturally much dislike that it should be noised about the world. Was she not bound to keep her secret still a secret for his sake? She was angry with herself when she asked the question, but still she asked it. She knew that she owed nothing to Sir Francis Geraldine, and that she owed all to Mr. Western. But still she asked it, because in that way could she best strengthen herself against the telling of the story. The more she turned the matter in her mind, the more impossible to her became the task of telling it. At last she resolved that she would not tell it now. She would not tell it at any rate till she again saw him, because Miss Altifiorla had told her that she "presumed he had pardoned that episode."

It was arranged that they should be married at Exeter in April. Their house there was not yet vacant, but would be lent to them for a fortnight. After the marriage Mrs. Holt would go into lodgings, and remain there till the house should be ready for her. But they were both to return to Exeter together, and then there would be bustle and confusion till the happy ceremony should have been performed. It was arranged that she should have but two bridemaids, but she was determined that she would not ask Miss Altifiorla to be one of them. A younger sister of Mrs. Green and a younger sister also of Maude Hippesley were chosen. Miss Altifiorla, when she came to see Cecilia on her return, expressed herself as quite satisfied. "It is best so, dear," she said. "I was afraid that you would ask me. Of course I should have done it, but my heart would not have been there. You can understand it all, I know." Cecilia's wrath had become mitigated by this time, and she answered her friend civilly. "Just so. You think I ought to be an old maid, and therefore do not like to lend a hand at turning me into a young wife. I have got two girls who have no objection on that score."

"You might find a hundred in Exeter," said Miss Altifiorla, proudly, "and yet I may be right in my opinions."

Mr. Western was to come down to Exeter only on the day before the marriage. The Holts had seen him as they came through London, where they slept one night, but as yet the story had not been told. Cecilia expected, almost wished, that the story might reach him from other quarters. It was so natural now that he should talk about the girl whom he intended to marry, and so natural—as Cecilia thought—that in doing so he should hear the name of Sir Francis Geraldine. Sir Francis was a man well known to the world of fashion, and many men must have heard of his intended marriage. Cecilia, though she almost hoped, almost feared that it should be so. The figure of Mr. Western asking with an angry voice why he had not been told did alarm her. But he asked no such question, nor, as far as Cecilia knew, had he heard anything of Sir Francis when the Holts passed through London.

Nor did he seem to have heard it when he came down to Exeter. At any rate he did not say a word respecting Sir Francis. He spent the last evening with the Holts in their own house, and Cecilia felt that he had never before made himself so happy with her, so pleasant and so joyous. It had been the same during their long walk together in the afternoon. He was so full of affairs which were his own, which were so soon to become her own, that there was not a moment for her in which she could tell the story. There are stories for the telling of which a peculiar atmosphere is required, and this was one of them. She could not interrupt him in the middle of his discourse, and say, "Oh, by-the-bye, there is something that I have got to say to you." To tell the story she must tune her mind to the purpose. She must begin it in a proper tone, and be sure that he would be ready to hearken to it as it should be heard. She felt that the telling would be specially difficult in that it had been put off so long. But though she had made up her mind to tell it before she had started on her walk, the desirable moment never came. So she again put it off, saying that it should be done late at night, when her mother had gone to her bed. The time came when he was alone with her, sitting with his arm around her waist, telling her of all the things she should do for him to make his life blessed, and how he too would endeavor to do some little things for her, in order that her life might be happy. She would not tell it then. Though little might come of it, she could not do it. And yet from day to day the feeling had grown upon her that it was certainly her duty to let him know that one accident in her life. There was no disgrace in it, no cause for anger on his part, nor even for displeasure if it had only been told him at Rome. He could then have taken her or left her, as he pleased. Of course he would have taken her, and the only trouble of her life would have been spared her. What possible reason could there have been that he should not take her? It was not any reason of that kind which had kept her silent. Of that she was quite confident. Indeed, now she could not explain to herself why she had held her peace. It seemed to her as though she must have been mad to have let day after day go by at Rome and never to have mentioned to him the name of Sir Francis Geraldine. But such, alas! had been the fact. And now the time had come in which she found it to be impossible to tell the story. As she went for the last time to her solitary bed she endeavored to console herself by thinking that he must have heard of it from other quarters. But then again she declared that he in his nobility would certainly not have been silent. He would have questioned her, and then have told her that all was right between them. But now, as she tossed unhappily on her pillow, she told herself that all was wrong.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DOOM OF THE BOSSES.

The days of the Bosses
Are numbered!
Too long, with their follies
Encumbered,
The patient Republican hosts
Have suffered their impudent boasts
And arrogant sway!
Fling wide to the day
The banner of freedom again,
The flag of free speech and free men!

The rule of the Bosses
Is breaking!
The hearts of "machine men"
Are quaking,
As through the Republican lines
They see with dismay the dread signs
Of wakening power!
Speed, speed the glad hour
When wide to the air flies again
The flag of free speech and free men!

The hopes of the Bosses
Are thwarted!
The power of the Party,
Distorted
To partisan ends, with a deep
And fierce-flaming wrath, will soon sweep
The spoilsmen away!
God speed the brave day
When wide on the breeze floats again
The flag of free speech and free men!

The doom of the Bosses
Is nearing!
See, see the bright banners
Appearing
Of hosts that no Boss can control!
And hark! through the air the long roll
Of Liberty's drum,
As onward they come!
And wide to the winds fling again
The flag of free speech and free men!

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The widow of the late Jesse James has indignantly denied that she will lecture, and has solemnly affirmed that she is not writing a book. It will be noted, however, that she has thus far maintained a significant silence as to whether she will play Hamlet.

Some thirty thousand oysters have recently died in New Haven Harbor. There's no telling what developments a Connecticut coroner's jury might unearth in connection with this mortality among bivalves, but the fact that they died in their beds would seem to indicate that death resulted from natural causes.

According to the barbers, the hair crop is backward this season.

The California judge who has offered a fifty-dollar prize to the girl under eighteen years of age who shall make the best loaf of Boston brown-bread has laid the bench open to the charge of encouraging the production of imitations of one of the chief staples of the extreme East.

Congressman Carlisle will take to his home a souvenir of his services in Washington such as none of his colleagues has ever borne away. It is a handsomely illuminated card on which is the Greek text of the beatitude, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." The initial letter of the first word of the sentence incloses a device representing crossed "pistols for two" and a cup of "coffee for one," over which hovers a white dove bearing an olive branch. Beneath are the dates, "May 15–22, 1882." The card was illuminated by an army officer, and was presented to Mr. Carlisle by a lady in recognition of his success as a peacemaker in the affair recalled by the devices and the dates, with which the lady, however, had not the remotest connection.

The motto which went with a rich lumberman's coat of arms was a puzzle to his Michigan neighbors, but he himself knew that *Vidi* is the Latin equivalent of "I saw."

The Massachusetts Legislature's strike for higher wages was one of the few unsuccessful labor movements of the season. To say that the men were not, strictly speaking, laborers would be doubly unjust, for, according to a Boston newspaper, while there was nothing to do at the beginning of the session, they created employment enough to last them five months. They are spoken of by the *Herald* of that city as "a greedy and irresponsible crowd," and the same paper further says: "Many of the members never expect to return to the Legislature. In the rural regions many towns included in Legislative districts take turns in furnishing the representative, who is generally a man of no social prominence and no leadership at home. He naturally goes for what he can make."

The largest seine in the world is said to be in use in the Potomac River at Stony Point. Its length is given as eight miles, and it is hauled ashore by a twelve-horse-power engine. More than seventy-five men are required to manage it. The account does not say whether the river is any lower after a haul of fish is taken out.

A paper printed in a mining region says: "A mine is a living being. The shafts and winzes are its lungs, through which it breathes; the pipes or tubes of its pumps constitute a system of circulation; it lives upon the fuel fed to the engines; and it has a name, a personality, and even a sex, for with the miner, as with the sailor in regard to his ship, the mine is *she*."

Our lawyer friends may be amused at the following, which we copy from the autobiography of George Pryme, published some ten years ago in London: "I once when a little boy saw Lord Kenyon at Nottingham. He was not a very educated man, and made many mistakes in a habit he had of quoting Latin upon every occasion. He was once happier in a translation. Some one was applying 'abiit, evasit, erupit.' 'Yes,' said Kenyon, 'that means over the hills and far away.'"

Among some of the savage peoples of Africa when a new ruler is about to be put at their head he is subjected to the most outrageous treatment just before the supreme authority is vested in him. He is beaten, bespattered with mud, and spat upon. Civilized races have found a better way of dealing with those whom they raise to positions of authority. They wait till their terms have nearly expired before they begin their worst abuse. It is the custom now to criticise expiring Legislatures, and in pursuance of it a Nashville paper says of the Tennessee law-makers that so long as members can "sit around on the streets in front of hotels and boarding-houses, and look at street cars and run to fires, on four dollars a day, 'Home, sweet Home,' has few attractions."

A pyrotechnist who came to this country not long ago from England is disappearing by parcels, a sacrifice on the altar of devotion to his art. Both ears, three fingers of the right hand, and two fingers of the left are now missing, having all been carried away by the untimely explosion of fire-works on which he was engaged. His ambition is to produce a fiery skeleton which shall caper on the surf at sea-side resorts, and if his members hold out he hopes to accomplish that result near Boston this season.

It is a peculiarity of "the season" at some of the great sea-side resorts near New York that it is always virtually opened on a Sunday. It happened that the opening at Coney Island this year was attended with chilling winds from the sea, and everybody except the few who could find room on the top of the tall iron tower suffered with cold. The few who knew that a warmer stratum of air was blowing at the height of a hundred feet told others of the one place on the island where it was possible to get warm, and the result was that the big elevator had many passengers.

It is doubtful whether a more delicate form of bribery will ever be devised than that which is alleged to have been resorted to in the trial of a will case in Baltimore. A new trial is sought on the ground that a beautiful daughter of the contestant was in the court-room throughout the trial, carrying on a quiet flirtation with a susceptible young man in the jury-box, whereby she so influenced him that he confessed his inability to acquiesce in a verdict against her father. It is further alleged that after the close of the trial the victorious father invited the young juryman to his home, where a *de jure* acquaintance was substituted for the *de facto* affair that the young people had gotten up in the court-room.

When the Princess Beatrice was about to sign her name to the marriage register on the occasion of her brother Leopold's wedding, she passed her bouquet to the Bishop of London to be held while she was making her signature. When she turned away she forgot to take the bouquet, and the bishop found himself in a quandary as to what etiquette required him to do with it. He went to the Lord Chancellor for advice, and that dignitary advised the puzzled divine to keep the posies. Thus an important question of etiquette was settled, and young men who think that they may some time be placed in the position in which the bishop found himself should cut this record out and paste it in their hats.

An incident which occurred a few Sundays ago in the city prison goes toward proving that there are phases of womanly timidity which can not be eradicated even by the most violent vicissitudes. The scene was the chapel in which the women prisoners were assembled for the usual religious service. The women who are lodged in the Tombs do not exemplify all that is gentle and womanly. Indeed, they are as a class quite as hardened as the men prisoners—as fond of whiskey or a free fight, and as ready to take the desperate chances incidental to criminal life. But when on the Sunday in question an affrighted rat made his appearance in one corner of the room, that which is common to all women asserted itself in the hardened assemblage, and the heroines of gin-mill brawls, street fights, and criminal exploits shrieked frantically, and began ascending the furniture. Composure was not restored till the rat was dead.

TROUT FISHING.

Fifty years ago Long Island was the paradise of sportsmen. Its uplands were plentifully stocked with game, while its marshes and bays teemed with all varieties of wild fowl. No less famous were its streams and ponds, filled with trout noted for their size, beauty of color, and vigor. In every brook, either on the north or south side of the island, they were found in profusion. The midnight poacher was then unknown in the land, and the fisherman had but to cast his fly to secure a return in proportion to his skill and dexterity. Factories, the refuse from which has been a potent factor in the destruction of trout, did not then exist, and the Long Island trout were famous for their freedom from rust and discoloration, and the untainted flavor of their flesh. Moreover, these fish had free access to the salt or brackish waters of the bays, to which can be attributed their superior vigor and succulence.

The insular natives who flourished in those days greet with derision the sportsman of to-day who exhibits with pride the score or more of puny specimens, the product of many hours of laborious effort, and recall the time when the pools were black with speckled monsters lazily drifting in the eddying current, awaiting, like the hopeful Christian, translation to a purer medium. The demands of a growing and luxurious city called attention to the treasure contained in these piscatorial bonanzas. They were ruthlessly fished, and legends exist of a wagon-load of trout captured from a single pool at one cast of the net. At first the streams near the city were depopulated, and not until within a very few years has a similar fate overtaken those at the east end of the island.

An additional charm to the pleasures of trout fishing on Long Island was found in the numerous taverns or small hotels which were scattered from one end of the territory to the other. Many of them have almost a historical notoriety, and well they deserve it; for in the preparation and cooking of certain articles of food, notably of the fish kind, they could not be excelled. The art in this day has been lost—for lack of material as one reason, and through the introduction of modern cooking machines as another.

So heavily endowed was Long Island by its situation, the suavity of its climate, and its peculiar adaptability as the habitat of game and fish, it offered to an intelligent and sagacious population an opportunity as rich in possibilities as the mines of Nevada—one far more certain and enduring. Unfortunately the intelligence and sagacity were wanting. Within easy reach of a growing city—the Mecca, so to speak, of the United States, and likely to become that of the world—it comprised a territory peculiarly adapted to the purposes of the sportsmen: copiously stocked trout streams, vast tracts of wooded wild lands unsuited to cultivation, the haunt of deer, and large bodies of salt-water filled with aquatic plants, the feeding ground of vast flocks of wild fowl. Without regard to game-laws, had the people of this favored territory instituted an efficient system of co-operation to protect, for their own pecuniary advantage, the rare sporting privileges and sources of wealth easily within their control, they would to-day collect a toll from the sportsmen of this country almost as large in amount as that received from the summer tourist. Far from a fostering and intelligent co-operation, each man has vied with his neighbor in perfecting ingenious devices for the destruction of the fish and game, so that to-day the land once plethoric in its abundance has become comparatively, so far as sporting privileges are concerned, a barren wilderness.

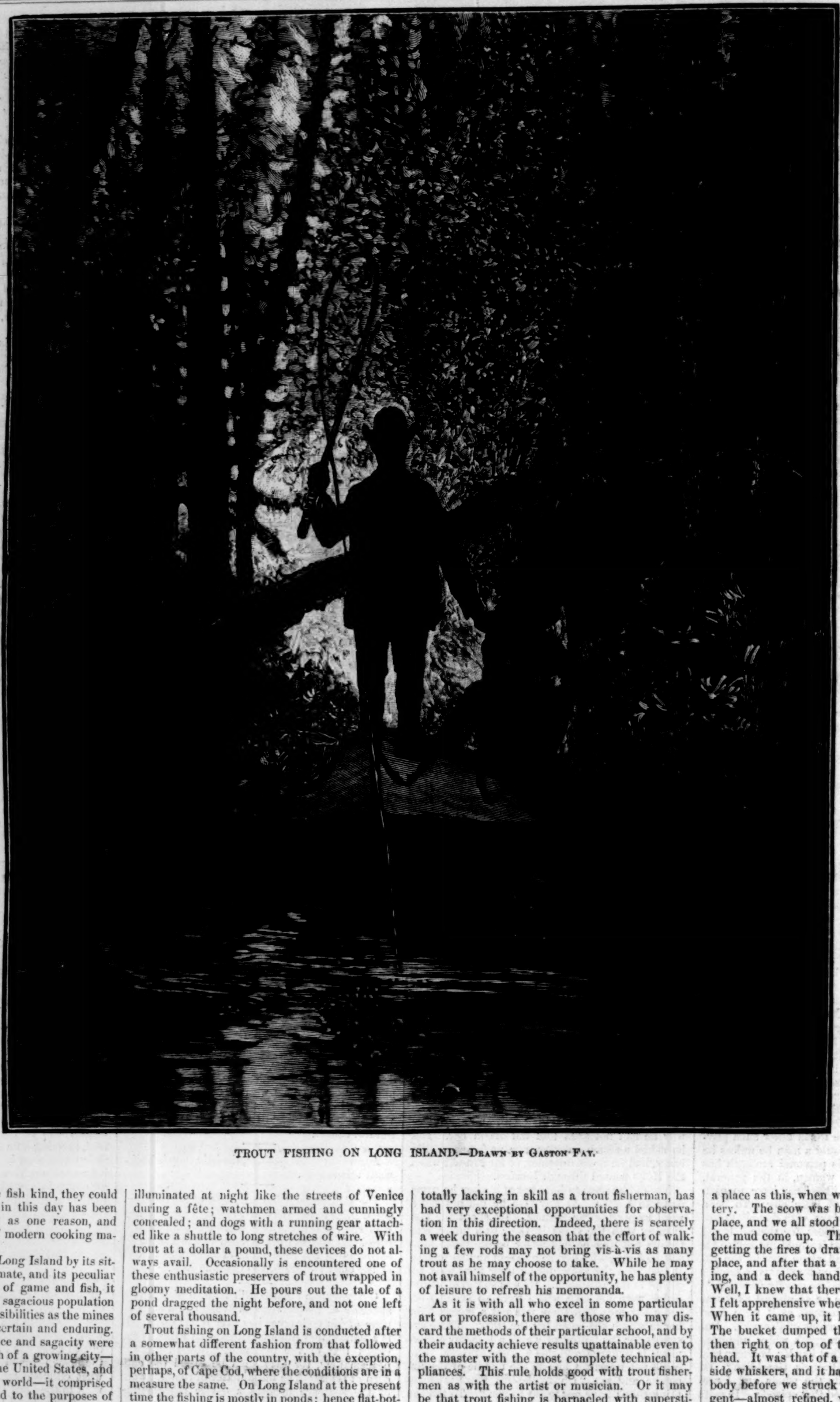
Of late men of means have purchased certain of the best trout ponds and streams, and stocked them with fish for their own amusement. By so doing they have only added one more to the intolerable burdens of life. To preserve their treasures a ceaseless vigilance is exercised: ponds illuminated at night like the streets of Venice during a fête; watchmen armed and cunningly concealed; and dogs with a running gear attached like a shuttle to long stretches of wire. With trout at a dollar a pound, these devices do not always avail. Occasionally is encountered one of these enthusiastic preservers of trout wrapped in gloomy meditation. He pours out the tale of a pond dragged the night before, and not one left of several thousand.

Trout fishing on Long Island is conducted after a somewhat different fashion from that followed in other parts of the country, with the exception, perhaps, of Cape Cod, where the conditions are in a measure the same. On Long Island at the present time the fishing is mostly in ponds; hence flat-bottomed skiffs are used, one man rowing or pushing, while the other casts the fly. During the earlier months the fish are taken near the mill-dams. As the season advances and the water becomes warmer, they move up to where the stream enters the pond. It is when the fish seek these cooler resorts that the sport is enjoyed in its perfection, for nothing can surpass in beauty the head-waters of these Long Island ponds. Toward evening, as we approach it, the surface is broken with the silver ripples of the feeding fish. A cast is quickly followed by a strike. From the roomy boat the play and movement of the captive fish are in plain sight until he is landed.

In connection with trout fishing it may not be amiss to speak of the popular fallacy which exists in relation to the use of this or that particular fly in making casts at an earlier or later date in the season, or at particular hours of the day. Some professors of the art carry this theory to very great extremes. They speak learnedly of the "professor," the "white moth," "red hackle," "gray hackle," and half a hundred others, attributing to each a peculiar potency on this or that emergency. The writer, while he may be totally lacking in skill as a trout fisherman, has had very exceptional opportunities for observation in this direction. Indeed, there is scarcely a week during the season that the effort of walking a few rods may not bring vis-à-vis as many trout as he may choose to take. While he may not avail himself of the opportunity, he has plenty of leisure to refresh his memoranda.

As it is with all who excel in some particular art or profession, there are those who may discard the methods of their particular school, and by their audacity achieve results unattainable even to the master with the most complete technical appliances. This rule holds good with trout fishermen as with the artist or musician. Or it may be that trout fishing is barnacled with superstitions and conventionalities, to which its votaries yield a ready obedience without inquiring into their falsity. For example: the owner of a private pond takes his rod from the brackets on which it has hung since the previous season; the moths have removed all but a few shreds of the worsted about the hook, and there remain here and there slender hair-like fragments of the feather. All traces of color have disappeared. He does not replace these with a fresh cast of flies, but in obedience to a long experience in the conventionalities of fly-fishing, from which he has emerged, he enters his boat, goes to the head of his pond, and commences to cast. The trout rise to his fragmentary and colorless apology for a fly with the same alacrity as to the most enticing and brilliantly colored line, and this in the morning, in the middle of the day, or in the evening, in cloudy weather or in clear, on his own or other ponds, under all conditions and in all seasons. This iconoclast takes an exceptional pleasure in using these dilapidated lines when in company with the conventional order of fisherman, whose person is encumbered with numerous red pocket-books plentifully stocked with the latest inventions of the dealers. Success in taking trout is probably not due so much to the seasonableness, color, and perfection of the imitation fly as to a subtle manipulation of the rod, the delivery of the fly, and peculiar delicacy of drawing across the surface of the water. This can not be learned, but is a gift, and its possessor can emancipate himself from the worship of the fetich which hangs to "the professor," or "the red hackle," or "gray hackle," and five hundred other marvellous compositions which are pronounced to be most killing.

Gaston Fay.



TROUT FISHING ON LONG ISLAND.—Drawn by Gaston Fay.

DREDGING IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

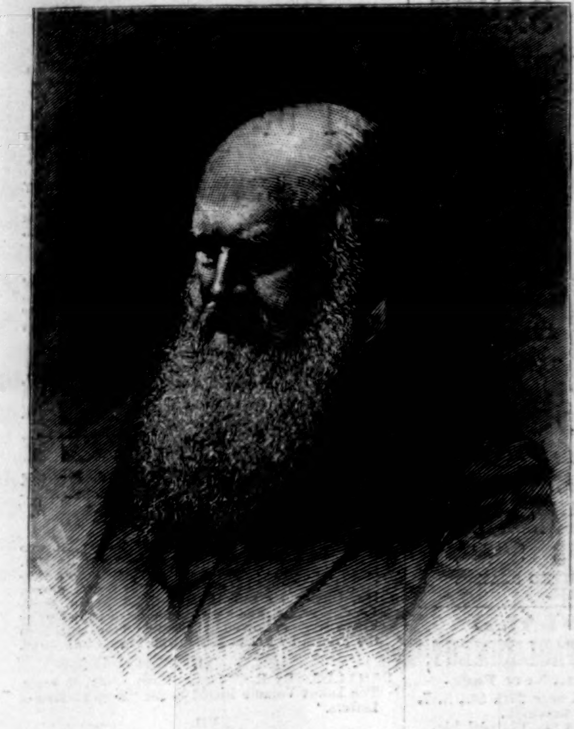
A battered old man with a grizzly beard sat on the edge of a dredging scow when the writer climbed aboard. His legs dangled over the edge, and he smoked a worn cob pipe with great gravity and satisfaction as he kicked his heels in the sunshine and talked with a husky drawl.

"Dredgin' is peculiar in some respects," he growled. "It differs from other things, 'cause it's science. See? Science investergates; so does dredgin'. I've been runnin' with a scow all my life, and I know what the business is. It opens up a new sort of a world—the world underneath the water—and I don't want any better fun than to look at the stuff that comes up from below. How many histories lie at the bottom of that there water that floats around New York?"

He broke off a fragment of the dry clay that incrusted the deck of the scow and cast it into the water with a muscular twist of the arm. After it sank, he continued to throw the chunks of clay at the same spot mechanically, and occasionally pulled at his pipe. His face was scarred and red, and his hands as bony as a stone-cutter's; but he was very good-natured, and as loquacious as a woman.

"That spot that I'm throwing bits at may cover a crime. We were diggin' off the foot of Canal Street twenty-two months ago in just such a place as this, when we came on a horrible mystery. The scow was brought about and fixed in place, and we all stood by to see the first turn of the mud come up. There was some difficulty in getting the fires to draw when we first settled in place, and after that a chain slipped in the gearing, and a deck hand had his finger crushed. Well, I knew that there was bad luck comin', so I felt apprehensive when the bucket was dropped. When it came up, it looked like solid bottom. The bucket dumped the mud in the scow, and then right on top of the first dip lay a human head. It was that of a man, with a mustache and side whiskers, and it had been detached from the body before we struck it. The face was intelligent—almost refined, you might say—and had evidently belonged to a man of position. The body was never found. I doubt if the head had been in the water many days when we brought it to light. The mystery was never solved. Well, the luck was against us all through that job, and it is unlucky yet, for there is trouble about the payment for services. There is a flaw in the title, and we've been waiting twenty-two months without much hope.

"I had a better experience than that fifteen years ago," he continued, lighting a fresh pipe, and detaching a new supply of chunks of clay, "and I guess I'm the only man who ever had such a find. We were up at New Haven, Connecticut, dredgin' out the channel. On the second day the buckets came up, about two o'clock in the afternoon, with a big anchor attached to a rope hanging from something inside of them. We lowered them away gently, and dumped the load on the scow. A big cask was attached to the other end of the anchor rope, and the instant that it was released from the jaws of the dredge the most beautiful smell I ever came across floated up. The whole air was full of it, and the dirty old scow seemed like a flower garden, so sweet



PROFESSOR CHARLES M. NAIRNE.—PHOTO. BY PACH.—[SEE PAGE 358.]

was the perfume. We examined the cask, and found that it contained richly labelled bottles of bay oil—the pure oil, worth a dollar an ounce; the whole cask was valued at about fifteen hundred dollars. Some of the bottles had been broken by the dredge, and that liberated the oil. The men each took a bottle, and I secured some, which I keep yet for Sundays. The authorities heard of the find, put out in a revenue-cutter, and took the cask away. I didn't know as much then as I do now, and let the thing go without getting a cent's salvage. For two months after that our scow was as sweet as a rose, and we were known all along the coast by its perfume. Boats passing to the leeward of us, when the excursions were running out into the bay here, used to show surprise every time. When the excursionists saw the muddy scow, they would turn their heads away; but when the beautiful odor reached them, they waved their handkerchiefs, and the captain whistled salutes. I tell you we were swells for a time then, and no mistake. The story of the cask was remembered as soon as it was brought to light. There was lots of smuggling then, and this had been dropped there by a smuggler who was pursued by the government. He was caught and sentenced, and they searched for months for the cask, without success. The business was brisk at that time. The bay oil was brought from the West Indies by ships, and dropped overboard off Napeague Beach, with anchors attached to keep it in place, and little chips tied to strings floating above them to indicate the location. Then fishing-boats that abounded there would innocently haul the oil up and run it into the sedge. The next day a farmer passing in his wagon carted it away and buried it behind his barn, and from that time nothing was heard of it until it appeared in the market. In this way a large and paying business was done by smugglers before the government found them out.

"We turn up lots of odd stuff. Not long ago we hauled nearly a hundred and fifty sheep-skin drum-heads out of the water at the foot of Rector Street. It was right opposite the place where I lost one of my best men a few years ago. We were filling in the Communipaw flats with mud brought from the East River. The scow had trap-doors in the bottom, which opened outward and dropped the load into the water. The second load became packed so that it wouldn't fall, and one of my men scrambled out into the middle and jumped on the load to loosen it. I yelled at him to come back, and shouted to the engineer to close the traps, but it was too late. The mud caught his feet, and sank down in the middle slowly burying him, and dropping his body into the river under five hundred cubic yards of earth.

"With a well-built pair of clamps very careful work can be done. I lifted an entire boat's load of fine Italian marble out of the slip of the Erie Ferry in 1870 without breaking a corner of a single block. In the same year the bark *J. L. McLaren* sank down in the bay, and they thought it was impossible to get her up again. I sent a diver down and blew her to pieces with eleven charges of one hundred pounds each, after which I got everything up with the dredge, including an immense amount of coal. The machinery of my dredge don't take a back seat when it comes to real work. There are two sixty-horse-power engines right in this hull, and the gearing is arranged so as to multiply the strength to several hundred horse-power. This here dredge that you're standing on is the one that lifted a twenty-four-ton rock out of the bed at Hell Gate, and carried it away without starting a bolt. That's a tidy weight—twenty-four tons. It was the biggest rock ever handled. There was one that weighed thirty-five tons, at the mouth of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Canal, lying in eighteen feet of water, but it was too big to handle. I put a charge of nitro-glycerine on it, and cracked it in three pieces, before hauling it out. There's nothing pretty about the business, but it's scientific and interesting, which, I take it, is a good deal in favor of it—see?"

He shifted his position slightly, so as to be able to collect more chunks of clay, and continued to toss them one after another into the water, while the writer climbed back to the dock and walked toward the busy streets.

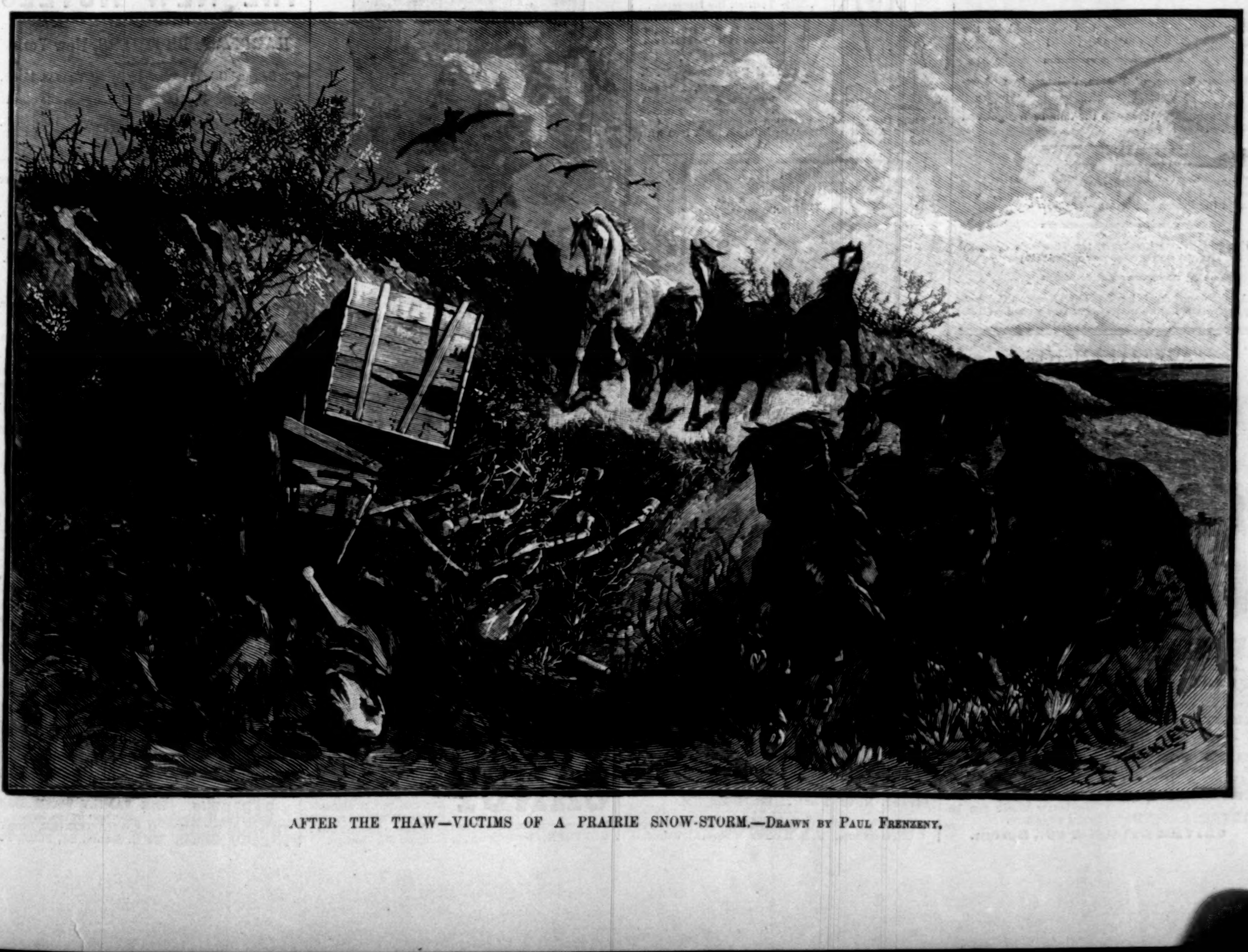
Four Oars
Four Oars

C. W. TERWILLIGER. L. F. DECKHARDT.
C. B. VAN VALKENBURGH. H. P. MEAD.

THE HILLSDALE FOUR-OARED CREW.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY CARSON & GRAHAM.

THE HILLSDALE CREW.

THE four-oared crew of the Hillsdale Rowing Club, who go abroad, at the suggestion of the National Regatta held in Washington in September last, to represent America in the foreign regattas of this year, have a splendid record. These young gentlemen have held the National Amateur Championship for three successive years, have met and fairly defeated every other prominent four in the country, and have never yet been beaten in any race in which they have participated. It was in the spring of 1879 that the club purchased a second-hand paper four-oared shell, and entered a



AFTER THE THAW—VICTIMS OF A PRAIRIE SNOW-STORM.—DRAWN BY PAUL FRENZENY.

junior four-oared crew in the Northwestern Amateur Regatta at Toledo, Ohio, where they vanquished their opponents, the Undines of Toledo. From Toledo they went to Saratoga to attend the National Association Regatta held in July of the same year, the entries in the four-oared shell race being the Mutuals of Albany, Saugerties and Wah-wah-sums of Saginaw, Zephyrs and Michigans of Detroit, Sho-wae-cae-mettes of Monroe, Wyandottes, Hillsdales, and Crescents of Philadelphia, Hopes and St. Johns of New Orleans, Lachines of Montreal, Olympics of Albany, Elizabeths of Portsmouth, Virginia, Atalantas, Watkins, and Cohoes of New York. The race was rowed in heats, Hillsdales winning their heat, Atalanta of New York city second. In the final heat, several fouls occurring, the referee ordered the race to be rowed over, and the Hillsdales came in winners. Their next victory was at Hillsdale, where they vanquished the Sho-wae-cae-mettes and Undines; their next, in June, 1880, at New Orleans, rowing away from the Sho-wae-cae-mettes, Burlingtons of Iowa, and St. Johns of New Orleans. They won another victory in the same month in the annual regatta of the Mississippi Valley Association, and in July of that year, at Philadelphia, in the annual regatta of the National Association, they were again successful. At Bay City, soon afterward, they won still another race. In the spring of 1881, on Diamond Lake, near Cassopolis, Michigan, they were once more the victors, as they were also in August at Hillsdale. Their latest achievement was at Washington, D.C., in September, 1881, where they beat a field of nine fours.

It was the intention of the Hillsdale Crew to row at the Metropolitan and such other regattas as they could attend during their stay in England. But the Metropolitan committee shut them out at the last minute. The London oarsmen pretend to have sent out a circular to the American crew in ample time, declaring that foreign entries would be closed on the 1st of May, but the notification never reached them. Some time afterward the shabby trick was accidentally discovered by friends on the other side, who immediately sent word over. The Hillsdales were sorely disappointed and indignant, of course; but they determined to go over all the same, and boldly challenge the winners of the Metropolitan race for the championship of the world. This they will do, and every decent sportsman on both sides will wish them fair play.

MR. WILLIAM HUNTER, 515 West 49th Street, City, writes: "Have been a sufferer for the past nine years, and spent a great deal of money for *so-called* catarrh cures, which only aggravated the disease. Was induced to try MARSHALL'S Prepared Cubeb Cigarettes. The result is a clear head and buoyancy of spirits—in fact *they have made a new man of me.* I cannot finds words to express my appreciation of your remedy."—[*Adv.*]

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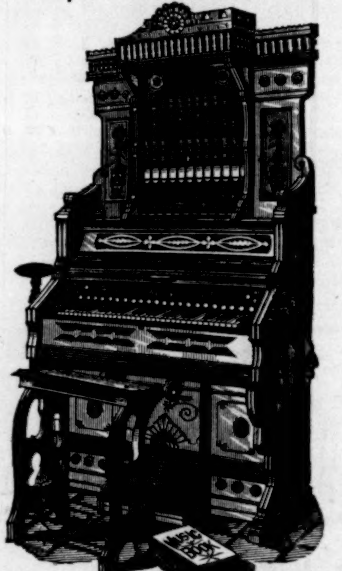

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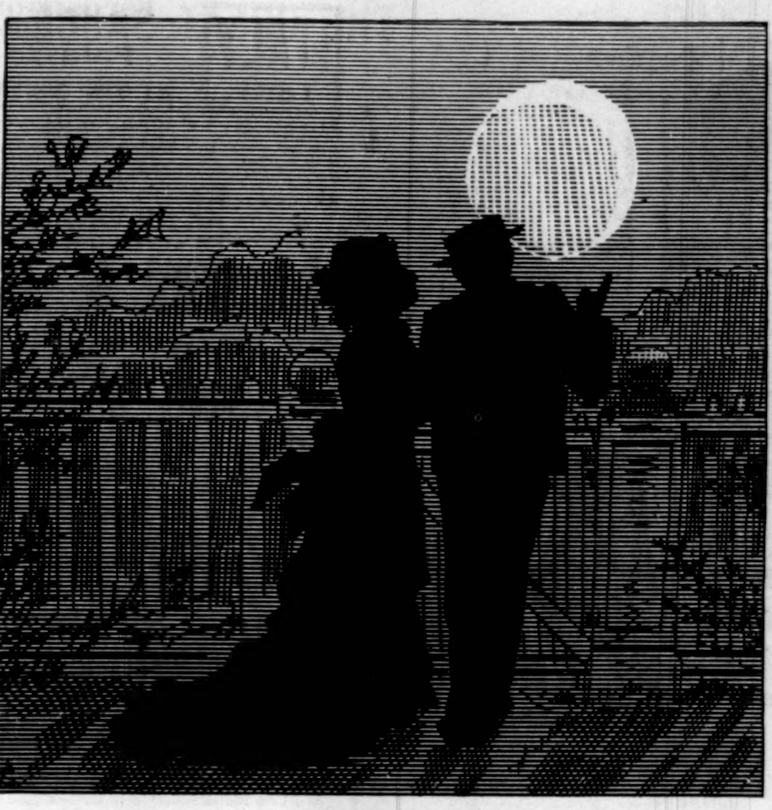

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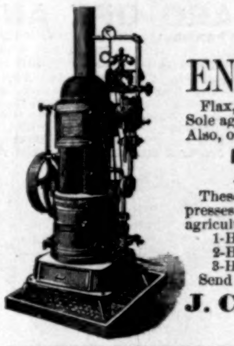

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